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SACRED LYRICS.

BY

RICHARD HUIE, M.D.

"I will sing a new song unto Thee, O God : upon a psaltery and an
instrument of ten strings will I sing praises unto Thee."

PSALM cxliv. 9.

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TO
JAMES MONTGOMERY, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF THE "WORLD BEFORE THE FLOOD,"
AND OTHER POEMS,

This Little Volume

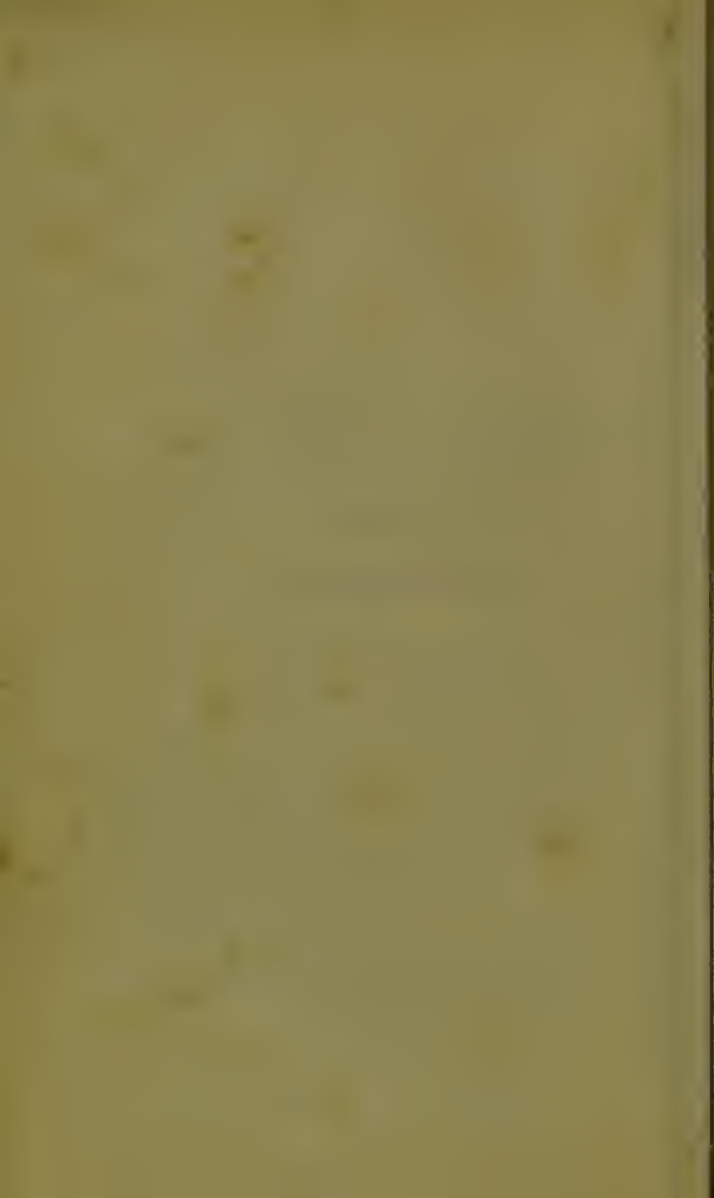
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BY

HIS FAITHFUL FRIEND AND SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.



PREFACE.

It is related by Virgil, of the Cumœan Sibyl, that she wrote her prophetic verses upon the leaves of trees, and arranged them in distinct and proper order at the entrance of her grotto; but that, if disturbed by the wind, and scattered about the cavern, as was frequently the case, she was at no pains to collect or to arrange them a second time.

Very similar has hitherto been the fate of the little pieces, which constitute the present Volume. Written at various periods, during the limited and uncertain leisure of a toilsome profession, they were usually dispatched, as soon as copied, to the friends for whose comfort or edification they were composed; or to one or other of those religious periodicals, which the Author

experienced a pleasure in countenancing. Of collecting them into a volume, or of claiming a place amongst the Sacred Poets of his country, he had for a long time no idea whatever; nor did he anticipate that they would ever become so numerous, as to make it worth his while to publish them on his own account.

But although for a number of years appearing anonymously, the Author found that they attracted some measure of attention; and were from time to time copied into Collections of Sacred Poetry. On some occasions of that nature, his name was attached to the pieces; and although this was done without his knowledge or consent, it rendered concealment of the authorship impossible, even if he had been anxious about the matter. He has, accordingly, for some time past, been in the habit of annexing his signature to his Lyrics; and this has given rise to an urgent and often expressed wish, on the part of his friends and others, that he would collect and publish them, in some such form as that in which they now appear.

It may naturally be expected that pieces, so composed, will possess very different degrees of merit; and that, in consequence of being written at distant periods,

they will frequently present the same ideas, expressed in language not very dissimilar. If this be considered a fault, the Author is content that it should be so esteemed. He has avoided it as far as possible; and, for this purpose, has omitted many pieces, which might have been expected to appear in such a volume, in order that he might offend as little as possible against that taste, which, in spite of the sneer of the worldling, he trusts is not incompatible with true piety.

From the engrossing nature of his professional duties, the correction of the press has been conducted at seasons, which would otherwise have been given to relaxation or repose. Yet he trusts that no serious errors will be detected; and that the little volume will be found, upon the whole, no unacceptable addition to those stores of pure and hallowed enjoyment, which the religious press of our country has been privileged to send forth.

The iron pen of the critic may, indeed, designate it as worthless; and very possibly it may be so in his estimation. But the Author will be amply repaid, for this attempt to extend the sphere of Christian literature, if, in that day when every work "shall receive

its just recompence of reward," he shall himself share the benediction pronounced on a humble disciple of old, of whom the great Searcher of Hearts declared that "she had done what she could."

EDINBURGH, *Dec. 5, 1842.*

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SACRED LYRICS.

BELSHAZZAR.

WITH sackbut's chime and trumpet's clang
Great Babel's royal mansion rang ;
And ever and anon the sound
Of mirth and laughter echoed round.
Here nobles feast renowned in arms,
There beauties peerless in their charms ;
While, centre of the festive ring,
Chaldea's vain and haughty king,
Belshazzar, sits in regal pride,
His wives and princes by his side.

The thought of rank and lineage high
Has fired the monarch's cheek and eye ;
And heedless of the foe, who waits
In arms before his city's gates,
He bids the brimming goblet flow,
To lull the sense of care and woe.
And as the sparkling cup goes round,
And reason sinks, in riot drown'd,
He bids them fetch each hallowed vase,
The pride of Judah's ancient days,
Ere flushed with ire his grandsire came,
And wrapt her palaces in flame.

In lengthened train the menials bring
The sacred vessels to the king ;
And place before him, on the board,
Each cup and chalice of the Lord.
Of polished gold and silver bright,
They glitter in the Gentiles' sight.
And now for wine the monarch cries,
 As rising from his throne,
He fills a cup of amplest size,
And points the goblet to the skies,
And Judah's mighty God defies,
 In loud, insulting tone.
Then, having looked around and laughed,
The impious draught he madly quaffed ;
And bade his warriors pledge their king,

And minstrels all his triumphs sing,
Till walls and roof and welkin ring.
Exulting half, and half afraid

Of power and wrath divine,
The nobles, as their monarch bade,
In silence quaffed the wine :
And as they drank, libations poured
To the false gods the land adored.

But see ! what means this strange eclipse
Of folly's reckless reign ?

Why dashed the monarch from his lips
The cup he sought to drain ?

Why starts each noble from his place ?

Why veils each female guest her face ?

And wherefore dies away
The sound of mirth and festive glee,
And triumph loud and revelry,

And minstrel's vaunting lay ?
Ask not ; but turn you where they gaze ;
For, 'midst the torches' gladdening blaze,
Which shed around their mingled rays

With all the glare of day,
A sight the revellers' eyes hath met,
Which, till their latest sun be set,
No prince or peer shall e'er forget
Of all that proud array !

Upon the wall of polish'd stone,
Right opposite the monarch's throne,
Encircled by a halo bright,
A severed hand was seen to write
 Some words of import dire !
Solemn and slow the fingers moved,
Which their unhallowed rites reproved ;
 And characters of fire,
Which far outshone the torches' glare,
Are left in lurid splendour there,
To quell the proud, appal the fair,
 And darkest thoughts inspire !
What marvel that each guilty soul
Should feel a new, a strange controul,
That mirth should drop his maddening bowl,
 And minstrelsy her lyre ?

A long, an awful pause ensues,
As each, in deathlike silence, views
 That writing's wondrous glow ;
Till, urged by that resistless law,
Which makes us still, in times of awe,
The curtain of suspense withdraw,
 Resolved the worst to know,
Belshazzar bids the attendants call
The Magi to the banquet-hall ;
And vows that he who, first of all,
 In simple guise shall show

The meaning of each mystic sign,
Be it infernal or divine,
And bring Chaldea's royal line
 Foretaste of weal or woe,
Shall, clothed in gold and scarlet, be
A ruler of the third degree !

With solemn pace, and silver wand,
Each famed magician of the land
Approached, and mute with wonder, scann'd
 The characters of flame ;
But, as they read, each visage fell ;
Nor could their skill, derived from hell,
The meaning of that warning tell,
 Which from Jehovah came.
Before the trembling monarch's throne
They bowed, and, in submissive tone,
The failure of their art made known
 To his reluctant ear :
" Oft," said they, " has the power we wield,
The future to our king reveal'd ;
Nor have our recreant lips been seal'd
 By gold, nor yet by fear ;
But here our art and power are tame :
Those mystic words, that lambent flame,
A might far more than ours proclaim !
 The hand of God is here !'

Like aspen leaf amidst the storm,
Fear shook again the monarch's form ;
 His colour went and came ;
When, in her chamber, warn'd of all
Thus passing in the banquet-hall,
To free her son from terror's thrall,
 Chaldea's royal dame
Descends, and thus, in accents kind,
Relieves the anguish of his mind :
" O king for ever live ! nor yield
To dread of doom yet unreveal'd ;
Beneath those words may lie conceal'd
 Much woe, yet not to thee !
Thou hast within thy kingdom here,
Taught by the gods, a holy seer,
Long to thy noble grandsire dear ;
 Be this then thy decree,
Let Daniel stand before the king,
He will at once expound the thing ;
For none can light from darkness bring
 With half such skill as he ! "

Joy lights anew the monarch's eye,
Again his pulse with hope beats high,
He deigns a brief, yet kind reply,
 Then straight for Daniel sends :

The holy man obeys the call,
Nor graced that night the festive hall
A form so princely, or so tall,

Where grace with vigour blends :
Though white his hair by length of days,
No feebleness his step betrays,
And from his eye there flashed the rays

Which conscious virtue lends :
His glowing cheek, and rising vest,
Bespeak the labouring of his breast,
As on Belshazzar and the rest

An awful look he bends :
Beneath that glance the monarch quails,
And silence deep again prevails.

At length the king has cast aside
At once his terror and his pride ;
And to the holy seer address'd,
In humble tones, his mild request.
“ O Daniel, though the captive's chain
Upon thine ancient race remain,
Yet have I heard thy lofty mind
Holds converse, free and unconfined,

With powers above the sky ;
And that the truths, from men conceal'd,
Are oft, in vision dark, reveal'd
To thy prophetic eye.

Know then, that, 'midst our festal cheer,
We saw a severed hand appear,
And (sight to quell the boldest here !)

Those mystic letters trace ;
And we have sent and called in vain
The wise, the learned, who own our reign,
For none of all the gifted train

Can read them, or efface !
Now, could'st thou those dread signs unfold,
This scarlet robe, that chain of gold,
The menials, who the guerdon hold,
Shall on thy shoulders place :
And by our throne thyself shalt stand,
Proclaimed third ruler of the land ! ”

The monarch ceased ; and pity now
Had calmed the prophet's cheek and brow :
The horrors of the coming morn,

Compared with that gay, festive scene,
Upon his inmost spirit borne,

Had smoothed perchance his voice and mien.
But when, on that unhallowed board,
He saw the vessels of the Lord ;
And marked the godless heathens' wine
Pollute the chalices divine ;
A holy indignation shook
His reverend form, and steeled his look ;

As thus, in tones by age unbroken,
The message of his God was spoken.

“ Thy gifts reserve for those, who cheer
With presage false the royal ear :
Thy gifts reserve for those, who bring
A flattering unction to their king :
Unfraught with guile, unbought by gold,
The dreadful edict I unfold !
O king, to thy great sire were given
Dominion, might, and fame by heaven :
His reign o’er countless millions spread,
And monarchs were his captives led :
The nations quailed beneath his eye.—
Yet, when his heart was lifted high,
The sceptre from his hand was torn,
And all his budding glories shorn !
Of reason reft, he roamed the wild,
From crown, from home, from man exiled ;
Till, chastened by affliction’s rod,
He felt the omnipotence of God !
And thou, his heir, who knewest all
Which did that mighty prince befall,
Hast not the hand resistless owned,
Which raised him thus, and thus dethroned :
But, in thy mirth’s unhallowed hour,
Hast trifled with Jehovah’s pow’r ;

And, from his sacred vessels, pour'd
Libations, impious and abhorr'd.
'Twas hence, thy haughty soul to tame,
From Him those visioned fingers came ;
And wrote, in this thy destined tomb,
Thy people's and their monarch's doom !
List, then, the meaning hid below
Those mystic characters of woe !

*The Lord thy kingdom's years hath told ;
Chaldea's sceptre quits thy hold !
Thy sins, in righteous balance weigh'd,
Have cast thy virtues into shade !
Ev'n now thine empire's wealth and pride
The Persians with the Medes divide ! "*

The monarch's cheek was pale and wan,
While listening to the aged man ;
And oft an answer he essayed,
Before his palsied tongue obeyed.
Yet, to his royal promise true,
Upon the prophet's neck he threw
A massy chain of burnish'd gold ;
And bade the eunuchs haste to fold,
Around his reverend limbs and breast,
The scarlet robe and purple vest ;
While trumpets should to all proclaim
The honours heaped on Daniel's name.

Scarce was the royal mandate given,
Scarce had the prophet left the hall,
When sounds, as of the welkin riven,
The monarch and his guests appal.
As by a sudden bolt of thunder,
The palace gates are burst asunder ;
The roof re-echoes to the din
Of Medes and Persians rushing in ;
The females shriek, the menials fly,
Not so Chaldea's chivalry.
Encircled by unnumbered foes,
The nobles round Belshazzar close,
With foot advanced, and falchion bared,
To guard their sovereign's head prepared.
In vain their care, and brief the strife
For country, loyalty, and life.
Fast as the first assailants fall,
Successive myriads fill the hall ;
Till, one by one, that warlike band,
The pride and bulwark of the land,
Have bit the dust around the throne,
And left their king to fight alone.

Nor failed he, in that conflict dire,
To prove him worthy of his sire.
Like lion caught in deadly snare,
Impelled by fury and despair,

He sternly meets the unequal fray,
And keeps a thousand foes at bay.
Thrice has his falchion drunk the gore,
Of those who sink to rise no more.
Thrice, by a legion compassed round,
He gains anew his vantage ground;
Rears his bold form against the wall,
And grimly smiles upon them all.
O'erborne at length, and spent with toil,
He sees no more the host recoil;
No more his feeble thrust and blow
Suffice to check the advancing foe.
But when, in golden armour dight,
The form of Cyrus met his sight,
With vengeance flashing in his eye,
He raised his reeking blade on high;
Dashed through opposing crowds to gain
The invader's side, and sunk amidst the slain.

CAIN AND ABEL.

'Twas when the world was fair and young,
Ere harp had chimed, or minstrel sung,
Beside the margin of a wood,
Which near the bowers of Eden stood,
Beneath the sun's descending beam
Two altar fires were seen to gleam.

By each a seeming votary stands,
With lifted eyes and folded hands;
Their act, their attitude, the same,
But different far their heart and aim.
There the proud look and scowling brow
Half own, half scorn the proffered vow;
While here the meek and lowly air
Accords with faith's accepted pray'r.

Scarce could you deem the men you see
Were kinsmen in the first degree;
Still less that to the God of heaven
Their mingled thoughts and thanks were given.
And yet 'tis true that, brethren, they
Have met their evening vows to pay.
That haughty form, whose kindling eye
Is fiercely bent upon the sky;

Who seems the prayer he breathes to scorn,
Is Cain, the first of woman born !
While this, whose tones and gesture meek
Devotion's hallowed power bespeak,
Is Abel, of that Cain abhorr'd,
But bless'd and chosen of the Lord !

Cain, from his birth to grace a foe,
And reckless of impending woe,
The promise of a Saviour spurns ;
And thus upon his altar burns,
Gleaned from the field and forest bough,
A gift as empty as his vow.
While Abel, of the Spirit taught,
An offering brings with meaning fraught,
A slaughtered lamb,—meet type of Him,
Whom, though in vision dark and dim,
He yet, by faith's prospective eye,
Can suffering in his stead descry.

But see ! while Abel's humble pray'r
Ascends upon the evening air,
Bright and more bright has grown the flame
Which from his lowly altar came !
A hand unseen has fed its fires,
A breath unfelt its blaze inspires !
High and more high it tapers still,
Like beacon on the signal hill,

Till stretched from earth to heaven it gleams,
Reflected from a hundred streams !
The pious youth, in mute surprise,
Beheld the fiery column rise ;
And wondered whence the sudden glow,
Which reddened all the plain below.
But when the hallowed flame he sees
O'ertop the forest's noblest trees,
Oppressed and dazzled by the view,
Three paces backward he withdrew ;
His sandals from his feet unbound,
Then bent him meekly to the ground ;
And, with his arms across his breast,
A present Deity confess'd.

And where is Cain ? In wild affright
He gazed on the portentous sight.
Yet envy soon effaced the awe,
With which that wondrous flame he saw
Thus bear, like incense, to the skies
His brother's lowly sacrifice.
Anon he turned to see the fire
Of his own offering half expire :
But while the contrast filled his mind
With feelings of the darkest kind,
The wind, which for a space had slept,
With sudden fury round him swept ;
The embers from his altar raised,
And sent him, maddened and amazed,

In thicket gloom to hide his head
With dust and ashes overspread.

There as he raged, and cursed the day
When first on parent knees he lay,
A heavenly voice, in accents loud,
Addressed him from impending cloud :
“ Why art thou wroth, poor child of dust ?
Chafest thou, because the Lord is just ?
Or deem'st thou that malignant mind
And stony heart can favour find
With Him, who may no sin endure,
But counts high heaven itself impure ?
Lay not at Abel's door alone
The guilt which lieth at thine own ;
Nor seek in his accepted pray'r,
Foundation for thine own despair !
Go, and with fond affection's tongue
Solace the heart thou oft hast wrung.
Like him a spotless victim slay,
And meekly on thine altar lay.
Like him confess each sinful deed ;
Like him, the promised Saviour plead.
So shall thy soul acceptance gain,
And God to own thine offering deign ;
While Abel, as the younger, shows
To thee the reverence which he owes ? ”

'Twas thus the heavenly accents fell,
While captive to the powers of hell,
The heart of Cain rejects the plea,
And shuns the gaze of Deity.
All night, by stormy passions toss'd,
He wandered like an angry ghost.
But when he met, at early dawn,
His gentle brother on the lawn,
With fiendish art the traitor smiled ;
His victim with discourse beguiled ;
Until to greenwood shades he drew,
And there by sudden onset slew ;
Washed his fell hands in neighbouring lake,
And hid the body in the brake.

The deed of blood was hardly done,
When from the east rolled forth the sun ;
The murderer turned him from the glare,
And rush'd like tiger to his lair ;
The orb of heaven was all too bright
For the convicted felon's sight.
But see ! he stops with sudden start,
As if an arrow reached his heart ;
A sound has smote upon his ear
Which makes him quake with deadly fear.
Was it the morning's early breeze ?
Was it the rustling of the trees ?

Was it the noise of trickling rill?
Was it the thunder on the hill?
No! not a breath the lake has curled;
Still sleep the forest's glories furled:
The summer's heat has dried the stream;
No lightnings on the mountains gleam!
No! 'twas that heavenly voice again,
Which questioned, "Where's thy brother, Cain?"
Like statue reared amidst the wood,
Pale, mute, and motionless he stood;
Till, having steeled his impious heart
To play the bold deceiver's part,
He answered proud, "I know not where
The stripling breathes his morning pray'r;
The favourite of the Lord most high
Needs no such guard, methinks, as I."

He said, and would have turned away,
But inward fires his footsteps stay;
Remorse has seized him for its prey!
His eyes are fixed in ghastly stare;
Starts from his brow his bristling hair;
Cold sweat bedews his trembling form;
Gnaws at his heart the deathless worm;
While from above is heard the ban
Of Heaven pronounced, "Unhappy man!
What hast thou done? Thy brother's blood
Dyed not alone the crystal flood.

Fast as the ground imbibed the stain,
It cried for punishment on Cain!
That earth, which drank thy brother's gore,
Shall yield to thee her strength no more;
That earth, howe'er thy hands may till,
Shall yield thee thorns and brambles still.
Cursed on the mountain and the lea,
Cursed in the city shalt thou be;
And exiled from thy native home
A restless fugitive shalt roam!"

Trembling beneath Jehovah's eye,
Irresolute to stand or fly,
In silent awe the murderer hears
A sentence dreadful as his fears.
Till, gathering courage from despair,
"My doom is more than I can bear,"
He frantic cries; "behold me driven
An outcast both from earth and heaven!
Alike the forest and the field
Their shelter shall refuse to yield;
And he who lays the wanderer low,
Shall think there's merit in the blow!"

"Fear not for that," the Lord replied;
"By felon stroke though Abel died,
Yet hated, scorned, and shunned by all,
Thou shalt not prematurely fall!"

No ! years of grief and want and pain
Await on earth the wretched Cain.
Upon thy brow I'll fix a brand
Meet to arrest each lifted hand.
The good shall read thy sentence there,
And turn to breathe the silent pray'r.
The bad, with half-averted eye,
Shall shudder as thou passest by.
Loathed even by thy sinful line,
A monument of wrath divine,
Oft shalt thou mourn the dreadful doom,
Which bars the passage to the tomb ;
Yet vengeance deep shall him repay,
Who dares the fratricide to slay !"

Here ends my strain ; for what the brand
Imprinted by the Almighty hand,
(As token of Jehovah's ire,)
On Cain, it boots not to inquire.
What Holy Writ has not revealed
Must lie from erring man concealed.
Our flight from hell, our hopes of heaven,
Rest on the word which God has given.
There may the contrite soul discern
All that 'tis needful he should learn ;
And when his eye can trace no more,
Let him be silent and adore !

SAMSON'S REVENGE AND DEATH.

In Gaza's towers the wassail-rout,
The song of triumph rung ;
And while to Dagon's praise they shout,
Their captive foe the rabble flout
With proud, insulting tongue.
" Where is great Samson's strength of arm,
And where his might," they cry ;
" Which once could spread such wild alarm,
And make our bravest fly ?
To thee, great Dagon ! thanks we owe,
Who brought'st the Hebrew champion low ! "

With sightless orbs and folded hands,
The victim of their malice stands ;
And oft the sigh, but ill repress'd,
Is struggling from his manly breast.
He thinks of that disastrous hour,
When to the ruthless foeman's pow'r,
By female wiles betrayed,
The flowing honours of his head
Were by unhallow'd razor shed,
And of his strength, Philistia's dread,
Himself was disarrayed.

Yet, though a captive scoffed and blind,
Compelled in prison-house to grind ;
And now produced in idol's court,
To be the dastard rabble's sport,
 And bear their scorn and ire ;
A slow returning might he feels,
A silent vow to heaven he steals,
And in his injured breast conceals
 A scheme of vengeance dire.

Aloft, with many a buttress, rose
The temple which contained his foes ;
And in the centre pillars twain,
Were reared the rafters to sustain,
 And roof with gilding sheen ;
And there, when scorn had done its worst,
Amidst derision's frequent burst,
 Is he allowed to lean.
Anon his arms unheeded clasp
The columns in their sinewy grasp ;
 But ere their strength he tries,
He breathes a prayer in accents low,
" O let me strike one parting blow !
 And though thy servant dies,
Yet help me, Jacob's God, I pray,
This temple in the dust to lay,
And thus these Philistines repay
 For my two sightless eyes ! "

He ceased, and lo ! to every limb
 He feels new vigour given ;
And upward lifts his eye-balls dim
 In sign of thanks to heaven.
He tugs, he bends,—the temple shakes,—
 Again on God he calls ;
One effort more,—each column breaks,
 The tottering fabric falls.
Wall, buttress, rafter, downward rush,
 Roof, pinnacle, and tower ;
And lord and serf resistless crush
 In one destructive shower.
Three thousand tongues, in vaunting strain,
 To Dagon chaunted high ;
And now beneath his ruined fane,
 Three thousand corpses lie.
One instant, pride's vain anthem blends
 With music's choicest tone ;
The next, for joy's loud note, ascends
 A deep, a stifled groan ;
And Dagon's pomp, and Gaza's trust,
Are mingled with the vulgar dust.

Aghast the pale survivors stood,
 So swift the scene had pass'd ;
Like whirlwind through the bending wood,
 Or o'er the deep the blast.

Then rose their dirges long and loud,
For sons, for parents slain ;
And oft that awe-struck trembling crowd
Shall tell how Gaza's temple proud
Was scattered o'er the plain.
But while they thus to strangers show
The story of their city's woe ;
And these with wonder seek to know,
How captive blind and lone
Could, by his single prowess, slay
Three thousand foemen in a day,
And splendid fane in ruins lay,
They must reluctant own
That Jacob's God alone could deal
The stroke their nation wept to feel.

'The tidings now, to Israel's coast,
His friends with speed convey,
That Samson 'midst the buried host
Of prostrate Gaza lay.

The mournful news his parents hear,
But joy is mingled with the tear
They drop upon their hero's bier.
And Israel's maids shall learn to praise

•The champion in immortal lays,
Who oft with single arm withstood
His country's foes in mortal feud,
And wide her glories spread;

And when at length by guile betray'd,
So well the uncircumcised repaid
For all the insults they had laid
On his defenceless head.

And oft shall bards of other times
Recount to men in distant climes,
(Perchance in rude, untutored rhymes,)

All Samson's deeds of fame;
And children, as they hear the tale,
Shall turn with breathless terror pale,
And learn how human strength must quail
Before Jehovah's name;
Jehovah! heaven's eternal King,
Whose might ten thousand angels sing!

WHO FARES BEST ?

Who fares the best?—Let SCRIPTURE tell.
The heir of heaven? the heir of hell?
The Christian or the Infidel?
The man who, with a single eye,
Can pass the world's allurements by,
And all its sweets resign;
And keep, without a wish to stray,
The narrow path, the onward way,
Which leads to realms of endless day,
And seats of bliss divine?
Or he, the grovelling child of dust,
Who all his hope and all his trust
Still seems to place below;
And roams along the fatal road,
By millions loved, by millions trod,
Which smiling looks, and fair, and broad,
Yet leads to endless woe?

Who fares the best?—Let WISDOM tell.
The heir of heaven? the heir of hell?
The Christian or the Infidel?
The man who, penitent and meek,
His safety ne'er pretends to seek
Through merit of his own;

But, on that great Redeemer's name,
Who bled, who died, who overcame,
Alone presumes to rest his claim

To mercy at the throne?

Or he who, proud of reason's ray,
Which shines too often to betray,
And blinder leaves the blind,
Rejects the doctrine of the Tree,
Which stream'd with blood his soul to free
From sin, and every enemy
Against that soul combined?

Who fares the best?—Let DEATH-BEDS tell.
The heir of heaven? the heir of hell?
The Christian or the Infidel?
The man who sees, nor sees with fear,
The hand of death approach him near,
The tomb begin to yawn;
Because he looks beyond that tomb,
And all its loneliness and gloom,
To scenes where youth shall ever bloom,
And light shall ever dawn?
Or he who, in that awful hour,
Sees death approach with ruthless pow'r,
And maddens at the view;
Nor finds his favourite goddess nigh,
To hear her helpless victim's cry,

But fears, and feels, (he knows not why,)
The Bible must be true?

Who fares the best?—Let CANDOUR tell.
The heir of heaven? the heir of hell?
The Christian or the Infidel?
Or, if a single doubt remain,
Let reason hold her wonted reign,
And weave her web of wile;
Till comes that great, eventful day,
When she shall lose her boasted sway,
And cast her silver mask away,
Nor more her sons beguile.
Then, as the Judge, on either side,
His sheep shall from the goats divide,
With all a pastor's care,
Who fares the best shall JUDGMENT tell,
As up to heaven, and down to hell,
The Christian and the Infidel
Are sentenced to repair!

THE PENITENT THIEF.

But who is he in anguish nigh,
Who on the Saviour turns his eye ;
And who, while all the world beside,
The sufferings of his Lord deride,
Is taught in this sad, solemn hour,
To trust in his redeeming pow'r ?—
A bandit fierce, who long has been
A foe to grace, a slave to sin ;
A wretch, who dies before his time,
The victim of detected crime ;
And, nailed to that inglorious tree,
Writhes out his soul in agony !
But (O ! the wonders of that love,
Which brought the Saviour from above !)
Almighty grace has reached his heart ;
And, while his guilt his spirit grieves,
He learns to choose the better part,
He turns—he looks—and he believes !

Yes ! in that pale, deserted One,
He sees, with faith's enlightened eye,
The Eternal God's Eternal Son,
Who stoops to earth, to bleed and die !

Adown his rough and toil-worn cheek
The unwonted tear begins to roll ;
While broken, struggling accents speak
The new-born feelings of his soul :
“ Lord ! when thy saints thy kingdom see,
In mercy, oh ! remember me ! ”

And does the mild Redeemer spurn
The hapless felon by his side ?
No ! when was Jesus known to turn
From those who in his grace confide ?
No ! 'midst the more than mortal throes
His spotless soul is doomed to feel,
He yet can soothe another's woes,
And love, and hope, and peace reveal.
“ This day,” the dying Saviour said,
(While from his eyes a glance there fell,
Which to the mourner's heart convey'd
More, ah ! far more than words can tell,)
“ This day, thy soul, from guilt set free,
Shall enter Paradise with me ! ”

O ! none but he, that inly knows
The value of those gifts of heaven,
Can e'er conceive the bliss that flows
From grace received, from sin forgiven !
And none, who has not felt the same
Unspeakable release,

Can estimate the happy frame
Of mingled joy and peace,
In which that long and painful day
With this poor outcast passed away !
His breast with holy ardour burns,
To God the pardoned sinner prays ;
And ever and anon he turns,
Upon his suffering Lord to gaze.
The shame, the anguish of his lot,
His bleeding wounds are all forgot ;
He loves the cross, which seemed at morn
A woe too heavy to be borne.
'Twas there salvation came to view,—
'Twas there that first his Lord he knew,—
'Twas there contrition's tear was shed,—
'Twas there his earliest prayer was said,—
'Twas there his stubborn soul was shaken,—
'Twas there his hope began to waken !
Nor would he now exchange that tree,
With all its pain and infamy,
To rest on Pilate's couch of down,
Or wear the guilty Herod's crown !
He hears no more the rabble's shout,
No more their scoffs attention win ;
Rage, scorn, and tumult reign without,
But all is calm within !

“LET THERE BE LIGHT.”

“Let there be light!” the Godhead spake,
And through the realms of chaos brake
A bright, a glorious ray;
The startled shades of darkness fled,
As wide and wider still it spread,
Till all around was day.

“Let there be light!” the Saviour said,
As from the mansions of the dead
He rose to yonder sky;
A sudden earthquake shook the ground,
Hell heard, and trembled at the sound
Which showed salvation nigh.

“Let there be light!” The Spirit brings
The royal edict on his wings
To each benighted land;
And soon the clouds of doubt and fear
Break up, and melt, and disappear
At his august command.

“Let there be light!” my soul, proclaim,
And shout the dear Redeemer’s name
To all thy kindred round

Tell how, to seek and save his own,
He left a bright, a heavenly throne,
And as a man was found.

“Let there be light!” Before the gale,
Ye Britons, spread the venturous sail,
And bear the sound abroad;
Till distant lands and isles receive
The Gospel tidings, and believe,
And bless the Son of God.

“Let there be light!” From pole to pole
Still let the glorious message roll
Of grace and truth divine;
Till Hermon’s dew and Sharon’s rose
Support the soul ’midst Greenland’s snows,
And cheer it at the Line.

“Let there be light!” That strain sublime
Shall echo loud through every clime
Of this terrestrial ball;
Till strife be love, and war be peace,
And Satan’s dark delusions cease,
And CHRIST be ALL IN ALL.

JEHOVAH-JIREH.

My brother, cease that plaintive moan,
My sister, wipe those tears away ;
What, though your sweetest joys are flown ?
What, though your choicest gourds decay ?
Earth's bliss is but a summer flow'r,
Earth's woe a swiftly ebbing tide ;
And still, in each distressing hour,
Jehovah hears, and will provide !

I too have felt the pelting storm,
Which rent the twig and parent tree ;
I too have wept the faded form,
And seen my brightest prospects flee :
I too have marked my loved ones fall,
In childhood's bloom, in manhood's pride ;
Yet faith could whisper, 'midst it all,
Jehovah hears, and will provide !

But what am I ? See yonder hill,
The altar's built, the heir is bound ;
The patriarch's heart has ceased to thrill,
His hand is raised to strike the wound :
When, hark ! an angel stops the deed,
Young Isaac's bonds are cast aside ;

Behold a meaner victim bleed,
Jehovah hears, and will provide !

More wondrous yet, when sin had cost
This earth its charms, and man his soul ;
When worlds could not redeem the lost,
Nor angels judgment's course controul ;
The Son of God, in mortal guise,
While friends desert, and foes deride,
On Calvary's blood-stained summit dies !—
Jehovah hears, and will provide !

Then, brother, cease that plaintive moan,
Then, sister, wipe those tears away ;
What, though your sweetest joys are flown ?
What, though your choicest gourds decay ?
Earth's bliss is but a summer flow'r,
Earth's woe a swiftly ebbing tide ;
And still, in each distressing hour,
Jehovah hears, and will provide

LOT AND BELA.

When sin on Sodom's fated land
 Brought down the vengeance due,
The righteous Lot, at Heaven's command,
 From danger's path withdrew.

"Flee to the mount," the angel said,
 "There peace and safety find ;
Trust in the Great Jehovah's aid,
 And cast no look behind !"

The plain was sweet, the mountain drear,
 The good man's courage fell ;
"Oh ! might I not in Bela here
 In equal safety dwell ?

"If in thy sight my hoary hair
 Has grace and favour found,
Thou wilt so small a city spare,
 Where sin must less abound !"

Thus far we read, and blame the sage,
 Who crossed Jehovah's will ;
But Lots we find in every age,
 Who have their Belas still.

For when to Him who rules above
Their hearts should all be given,
Some darling sin they dearly love
Divides those hearts with heaven.

Some darling sin, o'er all the rest,
They fondly would retain ;
Nor think that in no single breast
Can God and Mammon reign.

If such, O Lord ! has been my state,
Exert thy power, I pray ;
New hopes, new fears, new aims create,
And sweep the old away.

Thy free, thy sovereign grace impart,
Make all my steps thy care ;
With thoughts of heaven possess my heart,
And fix its treasure there !

JACOB'S DREAM.

What pilgrim's this, who, spent with toil,
Has stretched his limbs upon the soil,
His weary eyes to close?
'Tis Jacob, forced from home to fly,
And thus beneath the naked sky
Compelled to seek repose!

No gentle hand his pillow smoothed;
No kind, maternal accents soothed
His anguish and his pain;
The firmament is o'er him spread,
A rugged stone supports his head,
His couch the grassy plain.

Yet on his sense that night there stole
A dream, which cheered his fainting soul;
And to the wanderer show'd,
That Isaac's son and Abraham's heir
Could never roam beyond the care,
Or guardianship of God.

A ladder seemed from earth to rise,
And pierce the portal of the skies
Beyond the reach of sight;

And on it, lo ! the heavenly train
Descended now, now soared again
Amidst the realms of light :

While from the eternal throne a voice
Commands the pilgrim to rejoice,
And calm his troubled brow ;
Assured that soon, from strand to strand,
His children shall possess the land
Where he's a stranger now.

The rising sun the vision broke ;
With holy awe the patriarch woke,
His father's God to hail ;
Who thus a wandering outcast led
At heaven's own gate to rest his head,
And glance within the veil !

O Lord ! Like Jacob here below,
A homeless wanderer forth I go,
In quest of Canaan's shore ;
Then let thy presence cheer me still,
Thy promised peace my bosom fill,
That it may fear no more.

And when, with toil and trouble spent,
The soul which oft on thee has leant
Shall sink to rest at even ;

O may thine angels o'er me spread
Their wings, and make my dying bed
To me the gate of heaven !

THE DEATH OF THE FIRST-BORN.

At midnight rose a fearful cry
From Egypt's startled land ;
The palace sends that shriek on high,
The cot and prison-cell reply,
And all the nation prostrate lie
Beneath a viewless hand.

On coast, in town, the first-born fall ;
One gasp, and all are still ;
From Pharaoh's heir, in silken pall,
To his who lies, bereft of all,
A captive, chained to dungeon-wall,
Or slave behind the mill.

'Twas Israel's God who struck the blow,
Because, with heart of stone,

Proud Pharaoh stood Jehovah's foe,
And, spite of every threatened woe,
Refused to let His people go
 To worship at his throne.

Oh ! Britain, should such vengeance dread
 Assail thy sea-beat shore ;
Should anguish o'er thy cities spread,
And every house lament its dead,
How would'st thou bend thy guilty head,
 And how thy sins deplore !

And yet, how many a lifeless soul
 Within thy coasts is found ;
While, reckless how their moments roll,
Thy sons reject all wise controul,
Frequent the rare-show of the droll,
 Or push the goblet round !

O people, favoured of the Lord !
 No more his grace despise ;
Nor madly thus, with one accord,
Prefer the joys such scenes afford,
To pardou sealed, to peace restor'd,
 To mansions in the skies !

ISRAEL AND THE EGYPTIANS.

Aghast the sons of Israel stood,
And all gave up for lost ;
Before them raged the swelling flood,
Behind them came, athirst for blood,
Fierce Egypt's countless host.

Yet forward still, by Heaven's command,
The dauntless Moses went ;
Unarmed, save with a slender wand,
He marched before the timorous band,
On great achievements bent.

That wand he stretched across the tide,
And whirlwinds swept the deep ;
The roaring waves at once divide,
And backward borne, on either side,
Stand upward as an heap.

With silent awe the trembling crowd
Beheld the ocean dry ;
Yet onward moved, while curses loud,
From baffled Egypt's legions proud,
Pursue them as they fly.

Aud now, will Pharaoh's vaunting host
Attempt that pass of fear ?
They will ; for they have left the coast,
And press, with many a taunt and boast,
On fainting Israel's rear !

But hark ! what means that sullen roar ?
What mean those shrieks of woe ?
Lo ! rescued Ephraim gains the shore,
And ocean's surge, restrained no more,
Bursts headlong on the foe.

One instant saw their banners gay
Flaunt trimly 'midst the sea ;
The next beheld the foaming spray
Rush thundering o'er their fair array,
And they had ceased to be !

'Tis thus, in times of worst alarm,
When faint his people's souls,
The Lord lays bare his holy arm,
Redeems his trembling flock from harm,
And Satau's power controuls.

When mortal aid seems scant and vain,
And hope's last star is dim ;
We walk serene amidst the main,
And ocean's waves their wrath restrain,
When we are led by Him !

MOSES' SONG OVER THE SLAUGHTERED
EGYPTIANS.

Rise, Israel ! rise, and wake the festive string,
Jehovah's triumphs claim his people's lay :
Rise, Israel ! rise, of Egypt's slaughter sing,
The horse and rider vanished in the spray !
The Lord's my strength, to him I'll homage pay,
The Lord's my God, I shall his temple frame ;
The Lord's my song, my safety, and my stay,
My father's God, I shall exalt his fame ;
The Lord's a man of war, Jehovah is his name !

Great Pharaoh's chariots, and his countless host,
The Lord hath cast into the raging sea ;
Great Pharaoh's captains, vaunting Egypt's boast,
Affrighted turned, and vainly sought to flee.
The deep pursued them, roaring wrathfully ;
They sought the bottom, lifeless as a stone.
Thy right hand, Lord ! hath triumphed gloriously,
Thy right hand, Lord ! thy foes hath overthrown,
Hath dashed in pieces all who scorned thy power to own !

O Lord ! thou hast, by thy resistless might,
O'erborne the thousands who against thee came ;
Thy wrath went forth, thy braggart foes to blight,
As the frail stubble sinks before the flame.

The ocean heard thee its allegiance claim,
No more its waves their wonted level keep;
As if by winter's breath subdued and tame,
The gathering floods stood upright as an heap,
Congealed they stood amidst the bosom of the deep.

The foe beheld, and said, I will pursue,
I'll overtake them, and the spoil divide;
I'll seize, I'll ravish, and my hands imbrue
In the best blood which flows from Israel's side.
Thy breezes blew; at once the loosened tide
O'erwhelmed their host in its returning wave!
Who, Lord! is like thee 'mongst the sons of pride?
Or 'mongst the gods? Thy hand the signal gave, /
The earth entombed them all in one tremendous grave!

Thou, in thy mercy, hast thy people led
Forth from the bondage whence they were redeem'd;
And now around thine altar, incense-fed,
They praise the guide whose light before them gleam'd.
The lands shall hear how ocean's waters stream'd
O'er Israel's foes, and waked our grateful lay;
Great Edom's dukes, who so resistless seem'd,
Moab's great men shall tremble with dismay,
And Canaan's numerous hosts with fear shall melt away!

Yes! fear and trembling shall upon them fall;
Before thine arm they shall be mute and still;

Till all thy people pass, O Lord ! till all
Thy people pass, their heritage to fill :
For thou shalt bring them to thy holy hill,
And plant their children in thy chosen land ;
Ev'n in the place where 'tis thy sovereign will
To dwell amidst the labours of thy hand,—
The high, the hallowed spot, which thine own fingers
plann'd !

The Lord shall reign, the Lord shall reign for aye !
And oft the wondrous legend shall be told,
How Pharaoh's chariots, in superb array,
His prancing horses, and his warriors bold,
Entered the deep, which o'er them proudly roll'd,
And swept the godless multitude along ;
While Israel's sons, by them to slaughter sold,
Marched forth uninjured, ransomless, and strong,
The joyful timbrel tuned, the loud triumphal song !

JEHOVAH-NISSI.

The Lord's my banner ! Forth I go,
And dread no danger, fear no foe ;
Though death, though hell beset my path,
I scorn their power, I brave their wrath ;
Where'er I turn, whate'er betide,
My Lord shall combat by my side !

The Lord's my banner ! Grief may low'r,
Or joy may gild the passing hour ;
Alike in sunshine or in rain,
My Captain shall his succour deign ;
Alike I'll serve and trust my Lord ;
His grace my shield, his word my sword !

The Lord's my banner ! Forward still
I press, obedient to his will ; -
The toils, the sufferings of my lot,
In Christ's dear presence all forgot ;
My only wish to find him nigh,
With him to live, in him to die !

The Lord's my banner ! Round my tomb
No wreath may twine, no cypress bloom ;
No friend, no child may linger near,
To drop the tributary tear ;

Yet there my gracious Lord shall wave
His blood-red banner o'er my grave !

The Lord's my banner ! In that day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away
While thousands to the mountains call
Upon their sinful heads to fall ;
That banner, from the throne display'd,
Shall draw the ransomed to its shade !



RUTH'S CHOICE.

“ Entreat me not. Let Orpah go,
If Moab still has charms for her ;
No more my native land I know,
Or love the paths which cause to err.
A hand she does not, cannot see,
Still waves me on to follow thee.

“ Entreat me not. Whate'er the road
Thou choosest, there I too shall tread ;

And wheresoe'er thou mak'st abode,
There also shall I rest my head.
For thee I henceforth all resign,
Thy people and thy God are mine.

"Entreat me not. When life shall fail,
And thou, my mother, com'st to die,
With thee I'll face the shadowed vale,
And where thou'rt buried, I shall lie.
My leading-stars thy God and thou,
Not even death shall part us now!"

Daughter of Moab, nobly done!
On, onward to the promised land;
There shines of Righteousness the Sun,
There dwells of saints the chosen band;
On milk and honey shalt thou fare,
And Israel's God adopt thee there.

No more the widow's moan shall rend
Thy bosom, wailing for the dead;
New joys shall on thy steps attend,
New virgins deck thy bridal-bed;
A numerous offspring round thee bloom,
And monarchs issue from thy womb.

More favoured still, the promised Seed
Thy life-blood in his veins shall feel;

He, who for sinful man shall bleed,
And Satan crush beneath His heel!
Such honour on thy name shall rest,
And unborn millions call thee blest!

SAMUEL CALLED.

Deep fell the shades of night around the couch where
Samuel slept,
And balmy sleep, by soft degrees, had o'er his senses
crept;
He dreamed of home and all the joys which pious
children know,
When, taught to love the Lord betimes, in holiness
they grow.

Anon a voice, in solemn tones, on "Samuel, Samuel,"
cried;
To duty prompt he left his couch, and fast to Eli hied;
"What would'st thou?" asked the gentle boy, "for
thou didst call, my sire!"
"I called thee not," the old man said, "again to rest
retire."

Anew the child has reached his couch, and laid his
limbs to rest;
And slumbers light as dew have sunk afresh upon his
breast;
When, lo! amidst his pleasing dreams, that voice is
heard to call,
And "Samuel, Samuel," sounds again throughout the
spacious hall.

Alert, as when he first arose, to Eli swift he ran;
"What would'st thou now, for call thou didst?" anew
the child began:
"I called thee not, my son," replied the priest, in
gentle strain,
"Some childish dream has broke thy rest; go, seek
thy couch again."

The wondering boy at once obeys; but 'tis in vain he
tries
To sink to rest, for downy sleep has fled his wakeful eyes;
And now he starts to hear anew the voice pronounce
his name,
Yet still believes from Eli's lips the hasty summons
came.

Once more he sought the old man's side. "What,
would'st thou now," he said,
"For call, I'm sure, thou didst?" The priest at first
no answer made.

He saw that God had called the child; and when he
 silence broke,
With kindness, not unmixed with awe, he to the strip-
 ling spoke :

“ ’Twas God, my child, whose voice thou heard’st ;
 retire to rest anew ;
Thy fathers’ God he was, and has some gracious end
 in view ;
Then if thou hear’st him call again, dismiss thy child-
 ish fears,
And answer straight, with reverence meet, ‘ Speak,
 Lord, thy servant hears.’ ”

Thus counselled, to his lowly couch the obedient child
 has gone ;
Nor shrinks that with his fathers’ God he finds him-
 self alone :
His heart beats high with sacred awe, but not with
 wild affright ;
He knows that they who love the Lord are precious
 in his sight.

Not long he waits before the voice on “ Samuel,
 Samuel,” cries ;
“ Speak, Lord, thy servant hears,” he said, and soon
 his Lord replies ;

With grief and dread the youthful seer now learns the
fearful things,
Which God on Eli's fated house ere long in judgment
brings.

How oft, O Lord ! as in thy courts thy holy word was
preach'd,
Have we in semblance heard thy voice, which ne'er
our hearts has reach'd !
O may we now regard thy call with more attentive ear,
And learn to say, as Samuel did, Speak, Lord, thy
servants hear !

No portents now arrest the gaze, on Sinai's mount of
flame ;
No writing on the wall appears, the tyrant's pride to
tame ;
The laud is still, which swept the chords of Judah's
sainted lyre,
And quenched the coal which touched of old the pro-
phet's lips with fire.

Yet firm and sure the promise stands, on God's own
covenant built ;
And full and free the fountain flows, which hides the
sinner's guilt :
Then let us learn our fainting souls upon this truth to stay,
That gifts may cease, and prophets fail, but Christ
shall reign for aye !

SAMUEL PRAYING.

(A well-known Print after Reynolds.)

Upon his knees, with reverent air,
The youthful prophet bends ;
While from his parting lips the pray'r
To Israel's God ascends :
His fathers' God, he loves to claim
An interest in that hallowed name.

He prays that all his nation's guilt
May be, through grace, forgiven ;
And that the blood on altar spilt
May make their peace with Heaven,
Through ONE, who, from all else concealed,
Is to his mental eye revealed.

Yes ! In the vista dark and dim
Of slow revolving years,
In human guise, a child like him,
The Son of God appears ;
And dies on earth a death of pain,
A sinless Lamb for sinners slain.

'Tis this which bids that youthful cheek
With joy celestial glow;
'Tis this which makes each feature speak
Of more than mortals know;
And to the pictured semblance gives
The air of one who breathes and lives.

Pray on, fair boy; and at the sight
Of that sweet form of thine,
May our devotion wax more bright,
Our fervour more divine!
And each, in spirit pure and mild,
Become, like thee, a little child!



EBENEZER.

Thus far beneath unsettled skies,
And 'midst a vale of woe,
With fainting hearts, and streaming eyes,
And faltering steps we go:
Yet while our tongues are granted speech,
Our Saviour's name we'll praise;
And humbly at each stage we reach
Our Ebenezer raise.

A stone of help in danger's hour,
 When foes had hemmed us round ;
A rock of strength, a sheltering tow'r,
 Was our Redeemer found :
And when the world with syren smile
 Our souls has sought to lure,
His Word unmasked the treacherous wile,
 A touchstone safe and sure.

And oh ! when doomed to weep and groan
 In sorrow's cheerless day,
We mourned our hopes and comforts flown,
 And saw our gourds decay :
Ev'n then to our enraptured view
 Would Christ our Lord appear :
And we have girt our loins anew,
 A stone of help to rear.

Come then, my fellow-pilgrims ! come,
 Your tears of anguish dry ;
And look with me to that bright home
 Which waits us in the sky.
And though in Kedar's tents you dwell,
 Or faint on Mesech's sands,
Still, still let Ebenezers tell
 Your hopes of fairer lands.

And when by Jordan's darksome wave
 You trembling stand alone,
Once more to Him who died to save
 Your grateful feelings own :
Yes! ere you drink the last sad cup,
 Pour forth the fervent pray'r ;
And, filled with faith and hope, set up
 Your Ebenezer there.

But when on Canaan's blissful shore
 Our pilgrim feet we place,
No need of Ebenezers more
 To mark the Saviour's grace !
The heavenly fane we then shall see
 Raised o'er Jehovah's throne ;
The pillars of that temple we,
 And Christ the Corner Stone !

DAVID'S LAMENTATION OVER SAUL
AND JONATHAN.

Ah ! Israel, on thy places high
Thy beauty bendeth low ;
Thy mighty sons dishonoured lie,
While vaunts thy haughty foe !
Let none the tidings sad to Gath,
Or Askelon convey ;
Lest joy o'er Judah's darkened path
Should prompt their daughters' lay !

Gilboa ! On thy fatal hill
May never dew be found ;
Nor gentle rain from heaven distil,
Nor offerings clothe the ground :
For there the brave have bowed the head ;
And there, to fear resign'd,
The Lord's anointed vilely fled,
And left his shield behind !

Oft Jonathan, with bow of might,
Had marred the hero's plume ;
Nor empty did the falchion bright
Of Saul its sheath resume !

Their lives were lovely, and 'twas meet
That death should join their names;
The eagle's swiftness graced their feet,
The lion's strength their frames!

Weep, maids of Israel! weep for Saul,
Your splendid robes who won;
And mourn your king's, your father's fall,
Who put your jewels on!
How 'midst the battle's carnage red
Are all the mighty slain!
Oh! Jonathan, thy blood was shed
Where once thou thought'st to reign!

My Jonathan! my brother! sore
Am I distressed for thee;
Than love of youthful maiden more
Has been thy love to me!
How are the mighty fallen low
On slaughter's crimsoned field;
While Israel mourns her broken bow,
Her broken spear and shield!

DAVID AND ABSALOM.

“ O Absalom, my son, my son,”
The weeping monarch cried ;
“ Would God this deed were left undone,
Or I for thee had died !
Hadst thou in righteous combat bled,
Or died in peace, my boy,
No tears had then thy father shed,
Or none but those of joy !”

In vain the royal parent wept,
And veiled his honoured head ;
In bloody grave the rebel slept
Amidst the vulgar dead.
He spurned the path his fathers trode,
Which led to deathless fame ;
And reaped, in error's devious road,
A heritage of shame.

'Twas thus, O Lord ! by nature proud
The ways of sin I chose ;
And joined, in spite of warnings loud,
The armies of thy foes :
To snatch the crown from parent brow,
Like him, I seemed to try ;

My King, my Lord, my Father thou,
A graceless rebel I.

Yet didst Thou still with love pursue
The child who mocked at Thee ;
And that which David could not do
My God has done for me.
To save the soul from endless woe
Which had Thy laws defied,
Thou hast assumed my nature low,
And like a felon died.

If David's star like Thine had set,
The act had been sublime ;
And yet ere long his son had met
The guerdon of his crime.
Then let me sound, in loudest strains,
The grace which flows from heaven ;
My King, my Lord, my Father reigns,
I live and am forgiven !

STANZAS.

“So Tibni died, and Omri reigned !”
’Tis thus the Word of Life,
In one brief sentence, tells who gained
A crown with dust and slaughter stained,—
Who perished in the strife.

And thus beside the victor’s wreath
Is dug the warrior’s grave ;
One hour he proudly scours the heath,
The next is buried deep beneath
A mountain of the brave.

But there’s a war, which Christians wage,
In which no blood is shed ;
A strife, which wakes no murderous rage,
A wreath, which blooms from age to age
Upon the victor’s head.

And all that stainless wreath may win,
Who act the warrior’s part ;
And but with humble faith begin
The strife with doubt, and self, and sin,—
The warfare of the heart.

Good soldiers they, and sure to gain
The crown, for which they toil ;
Since He, who leads the valiant train,
Himself has trod the battle plain,
And borne away the spoil.

Press onward then, ye chosen few !
To you this hope is given ;
That, while you keep your prize in view,
The glorious path you now pursue
Shall terminate in heaven !



THE PROPHET AND THE WIDOW.

Before Sarepta's gate was seen
A widow lone, who tried
A few dry sticks from earth to glean,
To warm her ere she died.
A famine sore had swept the land,
And though she knew the Lord,
She dared not hope his sovereign hand
Would help to her afford.

There, as she bent her feeble frame,
A stranger, parched with drought,
Approached, and in Jehovah's name,
A cup of water sought.
The widow turned to seek the spring,
When forth his hands he spread,
And begged that she would also bring
A morsel of her bread.

The mourner heaved a deep-drawn sigh;
Then cried, in accents wild,
"As lives thy God, no cake have I,
To feed me or my child!
Of meal remains one handful bare,
And one small cruse of oil;
And 'tis to dress this scanty fare
That thus I sadly toil!"

"Fear not," the prophet mildly spake,
"Nor doubt Jehovah's aid;
But make me first a little cake,
Then do as thou hast said.
For thus declares the Lord Most High,
Before whose throne I bend,
Nor meal shall waste, nor cruse be dry,
Till rain on earth descend!"

And now those joys the widow tastes,
From simple faith which flow ;
And on the man of God she hastes
Her morsel to bestow.
And thus with him from day to day
Herself and household fared ;
Nor meal did waste, nor oil decay,
As God by him declared.

O Lord ! if famine e'er should reign
In this fair land of ours,
May faith, like hers, our souls sustain,
And cheer our fainting pow'rs.
May we, while dearth and drought prevail,
Still love Thy saints to feed ;
Assured nor meal nor oil shall fail,
While we Thy precepts heed !

And if a dearth more dreadful still
In these blest isles be found ;
If Britons cease to work Thy will,
And sin and wrath abound ;
O may some crumbs of living bread
Solace our lonely band ;
And we from day to day be fed
As by a Father's hand !

WHAT DOST THOU HERE, ELIJAH?

What dost thou here, Elijah? Say,
While Israel's thousands blindly stray
From wisdom's strait and holy way,
And brave Jehovah's ire?
Why thus to Horeb's mountain flee,
While under every grove and tree
They bend, in idol rites, the knee,
And burn unhallowed fire?

"What dost thou here, Elijah? Go,
Proclaim the terrors of the foe,
Who whets the sword, and bends the bow,
To mow their armies down;
Direct to God the nation's aim,
And say that they, who will not claim
His mercy in a Saviour's name,
Shall perish in His frown!"

'Twas thus, in Sinai's desert drear,
Upon the startled Tishbite's ear,
The words of warning and of fear
In still small accents fell;

But oft, amidst the busy crowd,
The bustling mart, or palace proud,
The voice of conscience sounds as loud,
As in the lonely cell.

What dost thou, Christian ! 'mongst the train,
Who barter heaven for sordid gain,
And heaps of dross, with toil and pain,
On Mammon's altar pile ?
What dost thou in the tinselled hall,
To which the sons of music call,
Or where in pageant, mask, or ball,
Gay fashion's daughters smile ?

What dost thou, Christian ! 'midst the state
Which haunts the mansions of the great,
Where tribes of servile flatterers wait,
To worship pomp or pow'r ?
What dost thou at the festive board,
With sparkling wines and dainties stor'd,
Where riot holds his rites abhorr'd,
And madness rules the hour ?

What dost thou, Christian ! where, I ween,
The lowly Saviour ne'er had been ?
Shun, shun the gay delusive scene ;
The poisoned chalice fly !

O'er sorrow's darkened chamber throw
The light which soothes a mourner's woe,
And wipe away the tears that flow
From misery's melting eye !

Go, bid the Church of Jesus feel
The impulse of thy sacred zeal ;
To aid thy kin's, thy country's weal,
Thy time, thy wealth employ :
So, when thy mortal race is run,
Enthroned in bliss the Inearnate Son
Shall say, " My servant, nobly done,
Partake thy Master's joy ! "



PARAPHRASE OF PSALM I.

O blest is he, who shuns the way,
In which the godless tempt to stray ;
Who flies the place where sinners meet,
And never fills the scorner's seat :

But still prefers, with sacred awe,
To muse upon his Maker's law ;
His joy by day, by night, to dwell
Upon the theme he loves so well !

As yonder tree, in native pride,
Close springing from the streamlet's side ;
Whose leaf is verdant still, and fair ;
Whose fruit repays the owner's care ;
So prospers he, whose heart is pure :—
While empty, vain, and insecure,
The godless man is ne'er at ease,
Like chaff, the sport of every breeze.

Woe, woe, in judgment's awful hour,
To him who braves Jehovah's power !
With joy, with peace, he shall not stand,
Amidst the saints, at God's right hand !
For why ? The Lord approves and knows
The way in which His servant goes ;
But all the bold, rebellious race,
Shall perish from before His face !

PARAPHRASE OF PSALM VIII.

O Lord, where'er Thy name is known,
 How good, how great, Thou still appearest ;
Though far beyond our view Thy throne
 In uncreated light Thou rearest !
The infant's lip, the suckling's tongue,
 To Thee their grateful hymns would raise,
If age should leave Thy love unsung,
 Or mortal foe withhold Thy praise.

When on the azure vault of heaven,
 The work of Thine Almighty fingers,
And on the orbs, which Thou hast given
 To yield us light, our fancy lingers ;
Amidst those glories of the sky,
 How mean our earth appears, how dim !
And " What is man, O Lord," we cry,
 " That Thou shouldst ever think of him ? "

For Thou hast form'd his wondrous frame,
 To that of angels scarce inferior ;
At glory taught his thoughts to aim,
 And marked with grace his fair exterior.

To him, o'er all Thy works below,
Thou hast assigned a boundless sway,
That he to them might mercy show,
And they might reason's power obey.

4
The herds that crop the dewy meads,
The flocks that scale the heathy mountain;
And every living thing that feeds
By silver lake, or crystal fountain:
The feathered tribes of every laud,
The tenants of the stream and wave;—
All, all to him Thy bounteous hand,
To him as Thy vicegerent, gave!

O Lord, where'er Thy name is known,
How good, how great Thou still appearest;
Though far beyond our view Thy throne
In uncreated light Thou rearest!
The infant's lip, the suckling's tongue,
To Thee their grateful hymns would raise,
If age should leave Thy love unsung,
Or mortal foe withhold Thy praise!

PARAPHRASE OF PSALM XXIII.

The Lord's our Shepherd! We His sheep
His constant kindness claim;
And if we watch, or if we sleep,
Our safety is the same.
He loved our fathers, and their seed
His guardian arms enclose;
In pastures green His flock shall feed,
By quiet streams repose.

The Lord's our Shepherd! He the soul,
That on His aid relies,
Restores again; at His controul
The wily tempter flies.
And from the path of righteousness,
The strait, the holy way,
Ev'n for His own name's sake, His grace
Permits us not to stray.

The Lord's our Shepherd! Though our feet
May tread Death's shadowed vale,
No evil shall we fear to meet,
Nor shall our courage fail.

For, on the threshold of the tomb,
That Saviour's steps we view;
Whose rod directs us in the gloom,
Whose staff supports us through.

The Lord's our Shepherd! He appoints
The feast we daily spread;
And with the oil of joy anoints
Each blest believer's head.
He turns the wrath of man to praise,
And, spite of every foe,
Can make our vines their fruit to raise,
Our cup to overflow.

The Lord's our Shepherd! While we live,
His goodness shall attend
Our favoured steps; His mercy give
Sweet comfort in the end.
And in His bright abode at last,
When all our toils are o'er,
We know that He our lot has cast
To dwell for evermore.

PARAPIRASE OF PSALM CXXVI.

When God the chains of Israel broke,
And pardon to His exiles spoke,
So strange, so new the tidings seemed,
We felt at first like men that dreamed.

Our mouths, which had been sealed so long,
Were filled with laughter and with song ;
While Heathens, by His kindness won,
Cried, "See the wonders God hath done."

The Lord, indeed, great things hath wrought,
When He to us deliverance brought ;
And 'tis for this we strike the string,
And strains of joy and gladness sing.

As streams that toil to reach the main,
Lord, turn our captive hosts again ;
That those, in spring constrained to weep,
A harvest of delight may reap.

He, who begins in pain and woe
The seeds of heavenly truth to sow,
Shall yet with songs of rapture come,
And bear his sheaves in triumph home.

PARAPHRASE OF PSALM CXXXVII.

We sat us down by Babel's streams,
A mournful vigil keeping;
Our country's woes our only themes,
Our only solace weeping.
Our harps, unnoticed and unstrung,
Were pendent on the willows;
And not one note of comfort flung,
To cheer our grassy pillows.

For they, who wrought our matchless wrongs,
To mock our tears desiring,
Said, "Sing us one of Zion's songs,"
A song of mirth requiring.
How could we tune the festive lay,
Encompassed thus by dangers?
Or how to God our homage pay,
Amidst the land of strangers?

Jerusalem! If e'er my heart
Forget thy ruined towers,
May strength from this right arm depart,
This right hand lose its powers!

And may this palsied tongue refuse
To speak the language given,
If grief for thee I would not choose
Above all joys but Heaven!

Remember, Lord! how Edom's sons,
The fall of Zion viewing,
Rejoiced o'er Thine afflicted ones,
And scoffed at our undoing.
For "Raze it, raze it to the ground,"
Exclaimed that hostile nation;
"Let not one hated stone be found,
Or trace of its foundation!"

He comes, O Babel, doomed to fall!
A voice of might obeying,
Who shall rejoice, our sufferings all
To thee and thine repaying!
He comes, who, thy maternal groans
Nor shrieks of anguish heeding,
Shall dash thine infants on the stones,
And laugh to see them bleeding!

STANZAS.

When roses deck the cheek of youth,
And laughter lights the eye,
We oft forget the solemn truth,
That all those charms must die.
And when through every bounding vein
The tide of vigour flows,
We think not of the bed of pain,
The mourner's secret woes.

'Tis therefore good to leave the seat
(The Book of Wisdom tells,)
Of mirth and joy, for that retreat
Where age or anguish dwells.
'Tis there the child of folly learns
The wounds which sin has given;
And there the eye of faith discerns
The balm which flows from heaven.

Ah! never does the youthful smile
Such angel sweetness borrow,
As when it would the heart beguile
Of one dark hour of sorrow!

And never is the youthful tear
In shower more graceful shed,
Than when it drops upon the bier
Where rests the hoary head.

Then, if from Him who cannot lie
We would the future know,
There is a record kept on high
Of what is done below ;
And on that page a seraph's pen
Inscribes each act of love,
By which with other sons of men
We kindred feeling prove.

Each gentle look, each accent kind,
Each proof of tender care,
Which now we cannot call to mind,
Have long been written there.
And they who weep with them that weep,
Or age's slumbers guard,
May lose the friends whose couch they keep,
But not their own reward.

For, in that day, when yonder sun
And every star is dim,
The cup of joy which they have won
Shall sparkle to the brim.

And if the bright, the happy souls,
 'The draught of rapture drain,
A stream of endless pleasure rolls,
 To fill that cup again !



THE VALLEY OF DRY BONES.

In vision rapt, by Hinnom's vale
 The mystic prophet stood ;
And still, where'er he looked, the dale
 With lifeless bones was strew'd :
No breath of air, no voice, nor sound,
 Disturbed that awful gloom ;
But all above, beneath, around,
 Was silent as the tomb.

At length a gentle voice from heaven
 Upon that stillness broke ;
" Can life to these dry bones be given ? "
 'Twas thus the Godhead spoke.

One doubtful glance the prophet threw
Across that desert lone ;
Then answer made, with reverence due,
“ That, Lord, to Thee is known ! ”

“ Then prophesy,” Jehovah said,
“ That each to life shall wake ; ”
The wondering seer at once obey'd,
And all began to shake.
Now limb to meet its kindred limb
With strange precision flew ;
And each, of late so gaunt and grim,
With flesh was clothed anew.

Again the Lord's command was given,
Upon the winds to call ;
To breathe from every end of heaven,
And animate them all.
The prophet called, the breezes blew,
And, lo ! beneath their breath,
A living army sprung to view,
And filled that vale of death.

'Tis abject, thus, O Lord ! and lone,
The sin-bound spirit lies ;
And, sapless as a mouldering bone,
All human aid defies.

Or, if beneath the gospel-sound
A shape it seem to wear,
The form of life alone is found,—
The power is wanting there.

But if Thy Spirit deign to blow,
A wondrous change it brings;
At once the soul, from death and woe,
To life and rapture springs.
With transport new, the inward eye
Imbibes celestial rays;
The heart with hope and love beats high,
The mouth is filled with praise.

O then, if sunk in slumber deep,
Our poor, dead souls remain;
Let Thy blest Spirit break our sleep,
And burst each earthly chain.
That fired with hope, and filled with love,
And freed from fleshly dross,
We now may spring to life, and prove
Good soldiers of the Cross!

JEHOVAH-SHAMMAH.

What means that sweet and heavenly sound,
From yonder dungeon swelling?
What sheds such peace and gladness round
The captive's lowly dwelling?
Though tightly drawn the tyrant's chain,
And foul that dark vault's air,
With these may joy and comfort reign;
And why? The Lord is there!

What lights that meek and placid smile
On yon lone couch of sorrow?
What thought can those sad hours beguile,
Which death may close to-morrow?
That upward glance, that glistening eye,
Those features sunk, yet fair,
All, all with one consent reply,
'Tis this,—The Lord is there!

Why shows that frail and aged form,
Who has with labour piled
Yon hut, to shelter from the storm
Himself and shivering child?—

Why shows he still that look serene,
By hearth and rafters bare?
He knows, even 'midst that cheerless scene,
And feels, the Lord is there!

In Hubert's towers though plenty flows,
No mirth or festive din
Disturbs that order and repose,
Which rule and rest within.
Why thus should stately baron's hall,
With parks and gardens rare,
The soul to hallowed musings call?
The Lord—the Lord is there!

And oh! what other source than this
Sends forth that glorious stream
Of joy, which laves the courts of bliss,
Of angel's harps the theme?
The charm, which bids the realms of light
Such matchless splendour wear,—
The charm, which makes heaven's self so bright,
Is still, the Lord is there!

CHRIST OUR EXAMPLE.

When Christ in human nature came,
And dwelt on earth a child of woe,
He bade the pure, the holy flame
Of heavenly love around Him glow.
Where'er He moved, the poor, the maimed,
The halt, the blind composed His train;
And none the Saviour's kindness elaimed,
Or sought His aid in vain.

He spake, and lo ! the palsied limb
A new, a youthful vigour feels ;
The darkened eye no more is dim,
His touch the deaf man's ear unseals.
Incarnate fiends His power confess'd,
Like harts the lame were taught to leap ;
Hope cheered again the mourner's breast,
And grief forgot to weep.

Exalted now at God's right hand,
In heaven the gentle Saviour reigns ;
But, by His gracious Spirit fann'd,
That holy flame on earth remains.

And they, who feel its genial pow'r,
In Jêsus' steps delight to tread ;
And love to wipe, in sorrow's hour,
The tears their brethren shed.

But chief, when o'er the mourner's soul
The shades of doubt and anguish meet,
That love exerts its sweet controul,
And guides him to the Saviour's feet.
It bids him lift the tearful eye
To Christ, the Word, the Light, the Way ;
And tells how God's own Son could die,
That we might live for aye.

O Lord ! In this cold heart of mine,
Awake that bright, that sacred fire ;
Let heavenly truth, and grace divine,
My every word and act inspire !
For thus my rising soul shall long
To join the blissful choirs above ;
Where every heart, and every song,
And every thought is love !

“ WEEP NOT.”

“ Weep not,” the Saviour gently said,
When o’er his lifeless daughter’s head
The mournful Jairus bent ;
“ Weep not,” He said, as on the bier
Of all on earth she held most dear
Nain’s hapless widow leant.

“ Weep not,” He said, while Martha clung
Around His knees, and from her tongue
These melting accents fell :—
“ O Lord, hadst Thou been by his side,
Thy friend, my brother, had not died,
For Thou didst love him well ! ”

“ Weep not,” He said, when, ’midst the throng,
Who urged His tortured frame along
To Calvary’s bloody steep,
He heard the sounds of female woe,—
“ On me no more your tears bestow,
Yourselves, your children weep.”

“ Weep not,” with bland and healing pow’r,
His Gospel whispers, in the hour
When earthly props decay ;

And lifts the thoughts to realms of rest,
Where joys eternal cheer the breast,
And tears are wiped away.

“ Weep not,” my brother ! though the eye,
Which sparkled most while thou wert by,
Is closed in death’s deep gloom ;
My sister ! “ weep not,” though the voice,
Which bade thy youthful ear rejoice,
Is silent in the tomb.

“ Weep not ” o’er fond affection’s urn !
As prisoner to the strong hold turn
Of hope and peace divine ;
Then, though Creation’s self should die,
And sun and stars desert the sky,
Shall endless life be thine !

NINEVEH.

In Nineveh the sounds of mirth,
The song, the dance prevailed;
And all the gay delights of earth
The outward sense assailed:
No fear of God possessed the mind,
No thought of things to come;
For conscience, long to rest consign'd,
Was impotent and dumb:
When lo! amidst the public ways,
A seer was heard to call,
“Thus saith the Lord, yet forty days,
And Nineveh shall fall!”

Then cease the timbrel and the lute,
The strains of joy subside;
The sons of mirth at once are mute,
The bridegroom and the bride.
With sackcloth girt, before the Lord
The king hath bent him low;
And all around, with one accord,
Put on the garb of woe.
The nation mourns, its vows are paid,
Its prayer ascends to heaven;

The Almighty hears, His wrath is stay'd,
And every sin forgiven.

O Israel ! turn thee and be wise ;
Thy flood of folly stem ;
Lest Nineveh in judgment rise
Against thee, and condemn.
No pause her guilty children made,
Nor once their crimes concealed ;
With contrite hearts they turned, they prayed,
And God their doom repealed.
Like them, this precious hour begin
Jehovah's name to fear ;
At Jonah's call they ceased from sin,
But Jonah's Lord is here !

THE MOUNT OF ORDINANCES.

When Christ on Tabor's mount of old
The veil of flesh apart had riven,
And made His servants to behold
The glories of the courts of heaven ;

The splendid scenc the apostles eyed
 With holy transport, love, and fear ;
And, rapt in joy and wonder, cried,
 'Tis good, Lord, to be here !

So, when around the hallowed board,
 From time to time His people meet,
They feel those sacred hours afford
 Of heavenly joys a foretaste sweet.
They break the bread, they pour the wine,
 Of His blest death the symbols dear ;
And cry, constrained by love divine,
 'Tis good, Lord, to be here !

The world and all its cankering cares
 Low at that mountain's foot they leave ;
And freed from Satan's toils and snares,
 No longer o'er their follies grieve.
On faith's light wings they soar away
 Through hope's bright regions, broad and clear ;
And still, in strains of rapture, say,
 'Tis good, Lord, to be here !

THE WIDOW'S MITES.

Believer ! Hath the Lord increased,
 With bounteous hand thy store ?
And while thy neighbour's wealth hath ceased,
 Doth thine augment the more ?
Then let the poor, the wretched share
 A portion of thy gain ;
But give in faith, and give with pray'r,
 Else all thy gifts are vain.

'Tis writ that once the Saviour stood,
 While crowds the temple sought ;
And with unerring glance review'd
 The varied gifts they brought.
The rich, the great swept proudly by,
 And cast their offerings in ;
But oft the haughty step and eye
 Defiled the act with sin.

At length a widow, poor and lone,
 Comes bent with years and woes ;
Two mites are all she calls her own,
 And in those mites she throws.

Ill can that weak and shrivelled hand
The scanty pittance spare ;
But faith and love the gift demand,
And lo ! the gift is there.

And doubtless some that gift beheld
With wonder and with pain ;
And some the act had fain repell'd
With ill-concealed disdain.
But Christ the holy motive prized,
And heard the contrite sigh ;
And taught that deeds by men despised
May have their praise on high.

“ That widow mark, whose hoary head
Has long with anguish striven ;
Hers is the noblest gift,” He said,
“ Which has this day been given !
The rich, the great, whose means o’erflow,
A fraction here let fall ;
But she from home of want and woe
Comes forth, and gives HER ALL ! ”

THE PHARISEE AND THE PUBLICAN.

“Stand by,” cried the Pharisee, “dare not to mar
Holy prayers with thy sin-chequered vow !”
The Publican heard, and retreated afar
From the scowl of the hypocrite’s brow.
The one through the temple with majesty swept,
With his hundreds admiring around ;
The other retired to a corner and wept,
As he bent his meek eyes on the ground.

“I thank Thee, O God,” said the former, “that I
Have not here for my sins to atone ;
From fraud, and extortion, and lewdness I fly,
Nor was e’er as a publican known.
Still twice in the week I am careful to fast,
All my tithes I as faithfully pay ;
And thus have good hope that in heaven at last
I shall all Thy bright glories survey !”

Meanwhile had the Publican frequently sighed,
And as often had smote on his breast ;
“Have mercy, O God,” he at intervals cried,
“Upon me a poor sinner confess’d !

Have mercy, O God, for polluted and vile
In myself no perfection I see;
But deign on Thy creature one instant to smile,
And Thy spirit shall cleanse even me!"

And what was the judgment the Saviour pronounced,
As He told of this singular pair;
And thus to His list'ning disciples announced
Both the nature and object of pray'r?
Half worshipped the one 'midst his followers stalked
To his home, with his guilt unforgiven;
The other alone in his penitence walked,
But at peace with himself and with Heaven!



“YET THERE IS ROOM.”

“Yet there is Room!” My soul rejoice,
And hail the gladsome sound;
It is Emmanuel's sacred voice,
Which spreads the news around!

The feast is made ; the Master calls
His friends the house to fill ;
In robes of white they crowd the halls,
But seats are vacant still.

“ Yet there is Room ! ” He calls again,
“ For guests the banquet stays ; ”
And lo ! from every street and lane,
A joyful band obeys.
The poor, the maimed, the halt, the blind,
With willing steps repair ;
And all a cheerful welcome find,
And wedding-garments there.

“ Yet there is Room ! ” The highways yield
An answer to the cry ;
And now the hedge, and now the field
Another tribe supply.
With grateful hearts they enter in,
No wants their claims annul ;
And yet the feast may not begin,
Nor are the tables full.

“ Yet there is Room ! ” But thou, my soul,
Must make no more delay ;
Up, trim thy lamp, thy fears controul,
And gird thee for the way.

Dear Lord ! I ask no crown from Thee,
No robe with rich perfume ;
The meanest place will do for me,
And in the lowest room !

PILATE'S QUESTION.

What is truth ? The fickle Roman
Ask'd, nor waited for reply.
Question of momentous omen !
Shall I also pass it by ?
No, my Lord ! I'll turn me to it,
Anxious all its depth to sound ;
Let me humbly, closely view it,
Till I have the answer found.

What is truth ? The only token,
Lent to guide our blinded race,
Is the Word which God hath spoken
By the heralds of His grace.

Thence we learn how helpless strangers,
 Guilty rebels, such as we,
May escape ten thousand dangers,
 Burst our fetters, and be free.

What is truth ? That man is mortal,
 Wretched, feeble, and depraved ;
Dying still at mercy's portal,
 Yet unwilling to be saved :
Oft to safety's path invited,
 Prone from it to wander far ;
In the blaze of noon benighted,
 With himself and God at war.

What is truth ? That He, who made us,
 He, who all our weakness knows,
Stooped himself from heaven to aid us,
 Bear our guilt, and feel our woes.
Like the lamb the peasant slaughters,
 See Him unresisting led ;
'Midst the tears of Judah's daughters,
 Mocked, and numbered with the dead !

Yes, my soul ! thy lost condition
 Brought the gentle Saviour low ;
Hast thou felt one hour's contrition
 For those sins which pierced Him so ?

Dost thou bear the love thou owest
For such proof of grace divine?—
Meek I answer, Lord ! Thou knowest
That this heart is wholly Thine !

Long, indeed, too long I wandered
From the path Thy children tread ;
Long my time and substance squandered,
Seeking that which was not bread.
Now, though flesh may disallow it,
Now, though sense no glory see,
In Thy strength, my God ! I vow it,
Ne'er again to turn from Thee !



THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

The sun had twice approached the wave,
And twice his parting ray
Had tinged with gold the lowly cave,
Where, 'midst the silence of the grave,
The dead Redeemer lay.

Their meek and gentle Friend the while
Fair Judah's daughters wept ;
While priests and scribes exchanged the smile,
And sent to watch, with fiendish wile,
The place where Jesus slept.

And why ? Because their hate and scorn
They hoped to feast anew ;
When (past the third, the appointed morn),
His lifeless corpse, defaced and torn,
They should expose to view.

Poor, blinded men ! That morning breaks,
An angel quits the skies ;
And, as his course he earthward takes,
With dread each hardy soldier quakes,
And from his station flies.

The massy stone is rolled away,
An earthquake cleaves the ground ;
And He, who death's pale prisoner lay,
Ascends to realms of endless day,
With wreaths of triumph crown'd.

Take comfort, then, ye fearful saints,
When dangers round you close ;
Believe that, while your spirit faints,
Your Saviour hears your fond complaints,
And feels for all your woes !

The soul that trusts His gracious aid,
Shall ne'er be put to shame ;
He was, ere heaven and earth were made ;
He is ; and, when these worlds shall fade,
He shall be still the same !

JEHOVAH-JESUS.

The voice, which spoke in Sinai's thunders,
Assuaged Tiberias' raging sea ;
The hand, which formed the sky's bright wonders,
Bestowed its instinct on the bee ;
The power, through which the ocean flows,
Perfumes the woodbine and the rose.

Creation's vast extent ne'er cumber
The mind which countless orbs obey ;
And He, the angelic hosts who number,
Sustains the sparrow on the spray :
While worlds on worlds His bounty share,
The smallest insect feels His care.

Ah! why, in hours of tribulation,
Should I to fear or faintness yield?
The grace, which wrought my soul's salvation,
Remains my fortress and my shield.
Amidst the storm, a still small voice
Shall bid my aching heart rejoice.

From Calvary's mount sweet mercy beaming,
Illumes the darksome path I tread;
And strains of joy, from Sion streaming,
Breathe grateful music round my head:
That mercy bids my sorrows cease,
That music softly whispers peace.

O let me then, myself a stranger,
Account all earth's concerns but dross,
For Him who, cradled in a manger,
Poured out His soul upon the Cross;
And day by day the Saviour call
My life, my treasure, and my all!

My all? Amen! A full surrender
I make of body, mind, and will;
And He, with love most sweet and tender,
In turn, shall this rapt bosom fill:
And give me here, in sin forgiveu,
A glorious antepast of heaven!

THE ROCK STRUCK.

Oppressed with toil, and parched with thirst, on
Sinai's burning sands,
The tribes of Israel slowly moved, and drooped his
fainting bands ;
They thought on Egypt's fertile fields, her richly
watered plains,
And while they mourned her vanished joys, forgot
her galling chains.

Against the Lord with rebel souls, and impious mouths
they cried,
His watchful care their hearts disowned, His grace
their tongues denied ;
Against His servant Moses, too, with froward lips they
chode,
And vowed no more in Araby to make their drear
abode.

Before the Lord their leader bent, and claimed His
promised aid ;
"What shall I with this people do?" 'Twas thus he
loudly prayed :

“Thy long-tried love, Thy present care, their hearts
and lips disown ;
And me, Thy servant, for Thy sake, they seem pre-
pared to stone !”

“Go boldly on,” the Lord replied, “thy rod within
thy hand ;
Lo ! I on Horeb’s lofty brow before thee take my
stand :
There smite the rock, and from its side a limpid stream
shall flow,
Which shall, to this rebellious race, my power and
presence show.”

The prophet rose, he onward went, to Horeb’s mount
he came ;
And bade the people mark the might of Him they
dared to blame :
He turned him round, he raised his rod, a breathless
pause ensued,
While pale with fear, and mute with awe, the tribes
at distance viewed.

He struck the rock, a rushing sound of water met the
ear ;
The mountain yawned, and forth it flowed, a stream-
let cool and clear :

The people drank, their souls revived, and round that
mountain's base

They prayed that God would still forgive His Israel's
contrite race.

"That Rock was Christ," the Apostle says, and from
His side there flows

A stream which cheers the thirsty soul, and life and
health bestows;

Let all who faint, in Him their hope, in Him their
safety see,

And learn that to each longing heart the healing fount
is free.

"That Rock was Christ!" Proclaim the news! Pro-
claim them far and wide!

His grace still rolls a glorious flood, a never-failing
tide;

And as it rolls, its murmurs deep this sweet assurance
give,

That all without a price may drink, and all who drink
shall live.

"GOD IS LOVE."

My soul has often stretched its wings
O'er nature's varied frame ;
And searched the rich, though hidden springs,
Whence all her bounties came :
But still, whene'er its home it sought,
Like Noah's restless dove,
One truth from every scene it brought,
The truth that "God is Love."

And oft by night that soul has soared
To yonder spangled sky ;
And every beauteous orb explored,
Which rolls its course on high :
But while from world to world it flew,
In that hright arch above,
Still, still from every sphere it drew
The truth that "God is Love."

And if on life's eventful maze
The fitful glance I throw,
Which calls to mind my former days
With all their joy or woe ;

Though here the cloud may darkly lead,
And there the fire may move,
Inscribed on each I still can read
The truth that "God is Love."

And oh ! when on the sacred page,
With raptured thought I dwell ;
And mark how Jesus quells the rage,
And curbs the power of hell ;
My spirit towers o'er all the fears
And wiles by Satan wove ;
And blazoned broad and bright appears
The truth that "God is Love."

But when, from this poor dust relieved,
I tread the courts divine ;
And to my Father's house received
On Jesus' breast recline ;
My soul, in that ecstatic hour,
Shall higher transports prove ;
And taste, in all its bliss and pow'r,
The truth that "God is Love."

GOSPEL TIMES.

In Patmos' Isle the holy Seer
Beheld an angel fly,
The everlasting Word to bear
To all beneath the sky.
The nations seemed to hear his voice,
And in Emmanuel's name rejoice.

The wolf beside the tender lamb
In verdant pastures lay ;
The kid forsook its timid dam,
With leopard's cub to play :
The lion sought the fatling's stall,
Obedient to the herdsman's call.

The times thus faintly shadowed forth,
Now meet our wond'ring eyes ;
And east and west, and south, and north,
The glorious Gospel flies :
And Britain is that Angel's hand,
Which bears the Word to every land.

The tribes, who felt no other fear,
Submit to Jesse's Rod ;

The savage drops his bloody spear,
 To grasp the Book of God :
And lips, which uever prayed before,
Jehovah's boundless grace adore.

Up, Christians, up ! The Saviour calls,
 The work brooks no delay ;
On you the sacred duty falls,
 To preach the Gospel-day :
Aud many must run to and fro,
Ere knowledge like an ocean flow.

Up, Christians, up ! The moments fly ;
 And, while you couut the cost,
Ten thousand sinners round you die,
 And are for ever lost !
Can these the realms of darkness fill,
And you be reckoned guiltless still ?

Up, Christians, up ! The field is wide,
 And white with ripened grain ;
Forth to the labour, side by side,
 A faithful, vigorous train !
Your Master's high approval win,
And bring the Gospel harvest in !

THE MISSIONARY EMBARKING.

The gallant ship is under weigh,
Which bears me off to sea ;
And yonder floats the streamer gay,
Which says it waits for me.
The seaman dips his ready oar,
Of ebbing waves to tell ;
I must not linger on the shore ;
My native land, farewell !

I go, but not to plough the main,
To ease a restless mind ;
Nor do I pant on battle-plain
The victor's wreath to bind.
I shall not search, for treasures hid,
The mountain, or the fell ;
'Tis not for joys like these I bid
My native land, farewell !

I go, to burst the Fowler's snare,
To shake the Tempter's throne ;
I go, the name of Christ to bear,
Where Satan rules alone.
But while my pilgrim feet shall stray
Where doubt and darkness dwell,
Dear land of light (my heart shall say),
My native land, farewell !

I go, an erring child of dust,
A thousand foes among ;
Yet, in His gracious aid I trust,
Who makes the feeble strong.
My shade, my shield, for ever nigh,
He shall my fears dispel ;
That hope supports me while I sigh,
My native land, farewell !

I go, devoted to His Cross,
And to His will resign'd ;
His presence shall supply the loss
Of all I leave behind.
His presence cheers the lonely cot,
And lights the darkest cell ;
His presence gilds the exile's lot :
My native land, farewell !

I go, because my Master's call
Has made the duty plain ;
No dangers e'er the heart appal
Where Jesus stoops to reign.—
But now we gain the vessel's side,
The sails their bosoms swell ;
Thy beauties into distance glide,
My native land, farewell !

THE MISSIONARY AT SEA.

Before the wind the vessel glides,
And round her tight and trim-built sides
 The sparkling billows foam ;
And many a lightsome heart is there,
And many an eye is turning where
It marks dissolve, in distant air,
 Its much-loved island home.

The gale is freshening ; onward sweeps
The gallant ship, while o'er her leaps,
 In lighter dance, the spray ;
With conscious pride the steersman sees
Her canvas swelling in the breeze,
And notes if, to a point, agrees
 With faithful chart her way.

In groups the joyous seamen stand,
And talk of each enchanting land
 To which their course is bound ;
No thought have they of grief or care,
Their bark is good, the wind is fair,
Their captain bold, their shipmates yare,
 And all are blithe around.

Yes ! all but one, who sits apart,
And looks as if his saddened heart
 And thoughts were far away ;
He recks not of the seaman's smile,
But lifts his eyes to heaven the while,
As joy's loud laugh and sportive wile
 But stirred him up to pray.

No dreams are his of sordid gain,
Of costly furs, or golden chain,
 Or gems of lustre rare ;
He goes the pathless wild to trace,
The herald of redeeming grace,
And, 'midst the desert's lawless race,
 The Cross of Christ to bear.

For this he leaves his native shore,
For this he braves the whirlwind's roar,
 For this the foaming wave ;
To save the lost his single aim,
His only theme Emmanuel's name,
His brightest hope a martyr's shame,
 His home a martyr's grave !

On, on, thou soldier of the Cross !
Let others toil for earthly dross,
 With hearts to Mammon given ;

Preach thou the Rod of Jesse's Stem,
And in thy Saviour's diadem
Thy soul shall shine a spotless gem,
Through endless years in heaven !



THE MISSIONARY'S GRAVE.

We stood beside the silent stream, and gazed upon the
mound,
Which rose with gentle swell above the now uncultured
ground ;
No stone was there to tell the tale of lengthened toil
and woe,
No friend to breathe the name of him who soundly
slept below.

Alone it rose, that little mound, amidst a desert bare,
Where scarce a trace was left to show that man had
harboured there ;
One stately tree had o'er the spot in summer verdure
smiled,
But fire or lightning's flash had scathed the monarch
of the wild.

We stood beside the silent stream, and envied not the
fame
Of those who reap in battle-field the victor's boasted
name ;
We envied not the lofty piles, which blinded nations rear,
To vaunt the praise and deeds of those whom they have
ceased to fear.

No ! Had the choice that day been ours, the warrior's
wreath to gain,
Or, like the lowly child of God, to sink on desert plain ;
We had preferred that meek one's lot, who braved an
exile's doom,
To bid, on Afric's scorching sands, the Rose of Sharon
bloom.

We stood beside the silent stream, and thought upon
the day,
When first he saw the chalky cliffs of England fade
away ;
And, as he dried his partner's tears, of heathen mil-
lions spoke,
And zeal for Christ, and love for souls, within her
breast awoke.

We thought upon the savage tribes, who heard from
him the sound
Of joy and peace, till seeking rest, that rest their
spirits found ;

We thought upon the tiger changed in likeness to the
lamb,

And idols cast to moles and bats, to serve the great
I AM.

We stood beside the silent stream, and felt a warmer
glow

Of Christian love pervade our souls, and through our
bosoms flow ;

We knelt upon that lonely mound, and breathed the
fervent pray'r,

That ours might be such course as his who sunk a
martyr there.

The silent stream, the blasted tree, no more salute our
eyes ;

Far distant from that desert scene our path of duty
lies :

Yet, if we feel our spirits fail, or cold our ardour grow,
We'll think upon that lonely mound, and him who
sleeps below.

LINES WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

This page was white and fair to view,
No speck its snowy surface knew,
 Till I its brightness stained ;
But when at Emma's call I wrote,
That instant I produced a blot,
 Where spotless beauty reigned.

And, like this page, the human mind,
Ere yet to Satan's power resign'd,
 A faultless lustre wore ;
But soon the Tempter's hand impress'd
His own dark lines upon the breast,
 Where all was bright before.

So far his work and mine agree,
But here concludes the simile,
 It will no farther go ;
For, though our acts have been the same,
We have pursued a different aim,
 As I shall quickly show.

The sable characters he traced,
From man's too pliant heart effaced
 The image of his Lord ;

But I, if you my words obey,
Will teach your erring soul the way
To have its loss restor'd.

Go, sinner, to the Saviour's blood ;
Go, in that pure and cleansing flood
(As in Bethesda's pool),
Thy broken, wounded spirit steep ;
And though thy sins be crimson deep,
They shall be made as wool.

And oh ! lest in an evil hour,
The Enemy regain his pow'r,
And mar thy prospects fair ;
Pray, that the Lord of life and grace
Would fill thy heart, nor leave a space
For sin to harbour there.

Brief, as a winter's day, the span
Which bounds the mortal race of man ;
And every moment cries,
To-day, while it is called to-day,
Embrace the truth, and live for aye !—
Who slights the precept, dies !

THE RILL.

That rill, which at its mountain source
Possesses such a feeble force,
That vain is all the school-boy's skill
To make it turn his tiny mill,
Or float the bark of fairy size
Which weltering in its current lies;—
That rill may roll from dell to dell,
And other streams its bulk may swell;
Till ruthless and resistless grown,
It rends the mountain's rocky throne;
Or forms the lake's majestic tide,
Where anchored navies proudly ride.

Thus he, who, in his heart inclined
To bless or benefit mankind,
Shall all alone the work essay,
May find his labours cast away.
But if combined, with heart and hand,
The master-spirits of the land
Shall vice or bigotry assail,
They will not, and they cannot fail.
For, like that widening, deepening rill,
Their phalanx waxes stronger still :

And gathering might from hour to hour,
Rolls onward with resistless pow'r ;
'Till guilt, o'erwhelmed with shame and dread,
In shades of darkness shrouds its head ;
And Dagon, from his basement riven,
Falls down before the ark of Heaven !

THE RUIN.

I sat upon a lonely mound,
Beside a castle's wall ;
Which, erst with gorgeous banners crown'd,
Is now in shroud of ivy wound,
And totters to its fall.

The setting sun, with golden ray,
Through chink and crevice gleamed ;
But, while amidst the ruins grey
Its mellowed light went on to play,
More dreary still they seemed.

No sculptured shield, no legend hoar,
Above the gateway seen,
The master's arms or title bore ;
Or told how bright his course of yore,
How brief, perchance, had been.

Sad, desolate, and waste, remain
Those turrets once so gay ;
A landmark for the peaceful swain,
As home, at eve, his loaded wain
He drives along the way.

One question, could those relics speak,
Alone is left behind ;
If haply, penitent and meek,
Their owner did the Saviour seek,
And did that Saviour find ?

If so, then fair his present lot
Above what eye can see ;
And now to him it matters not,
How much dishonoured, or forgot,
His name on earth may be.

But oh ! if vain of manors wide,
He viewed the Cross with scorn,
And God's eternal wrath defied,—
'Twere better for the child of pride,
That he had ne'er been born.

The night descends ; 'tis rayless all ;
The little mound is gone ;
No more I trace that mouldering wall,
No longer mark the sunbeams fall
Amidst those ruins lone.

Yet still that pensive scene and hour
My memory calls to view ;
And still, on that dismantled tow'r,
I read the end of human pow'r,
And wealth, inscribed anew.

And happier far, I cry, the swain,
Whose faith has pierced the skies,
Than he, though long and wide his reign,
Who barter endless life to gain
A crown, that gleams, and dies !

O then no more to things that fade,
Let this fond heart be given ;
But though in faultless charms array'd,
Still count them less than nought, when weigh'd
Against the joys of Heaven !

ASPIRATION.

Oh ! that to me the dove's light wing,
And trackless speed were given ;
That thus my soul might upward spring,
And seek its rest in Heaven !

For, ah ! though fair earth's landscape glows
Beneath the tints of even ;
Yet all is nought to Sharon's rose,
Which blooms so bright in Heaven !

How oft, when heart to heart is bound,
The cords apart are riven ;
Then, oh ! how sweet to feel no wound,
To fear no blight in Heaven !

Oft, too, with doubt and secret sin
The contrite soul has striven ;
Transporting prospect, to begin
A cloudless course in Heaven !

Then, hush ! my soul ; the waves are dark,
On which thou'rt onward driven ;
Yet every surge, which strikes thy bark,
But wafts thee nearer Heaven !

THE MAGDALENE.

O turn not such a withering look
On one who still can feel ;
Nor by a cold and harsh rebuke
An outcast's misery seal.
But think, ere thus the mourner's sigh,
The mourner's tears you spurn,
That 'tis perhaps a Friend on high
Who prompts my late return !

The haunts of vice might pleasing seem,
When first I longed to stray ;
But ah ! one hour dispelled the dream,
And dashed my joys away.
Amidst the crowds in pleasure's bower
My heart was still forlorn ;
And where I thought to find a flower,
I only felt a thorn.

O say not, then, the cup of wrath
I must submit to drain ;
When in the safe, the narrow path,
I wish to tread again !
It is not thus the Gospel speaks
To those who cease from sin ;
The soul, Emmanuel's fold that seeks,
Is ever welcomed in.

And say not that my guilt is great—
I know, I feel 'tis true ;
But while I groan beneath its weight,
I hope for pardon too.
Beyond the reach of grace divine
Myself I have not thrown ;
And once, at least, to guilt like mine
My Lord has mercy shown.

When such a wandering sheep as I
Was unto Jesus brought,
And all the cruel standers-by
A rigid sentence sought ;
The feeble reed He would not break,
Though it was bruised sore ;
The gentle words the Saviour spake,
Were, “ Go, and sin no more ! ”

STANZAS.

Friends of my youth ! Where are ye ? On the stream
Of joyous life we gaily launched together ;
Bloomed then each bank, as in a fairy dream,
Serene the sky, and placid was the weather !
But ye are gone, and have not told me whither !
Alone my bark is drifting down the tide ;
Alone she floats, nor one companion with her,
To hail her progress, or her motions guide !
Alone I seem to live, where all is dead beside !

Friends of my youth ! Where are ye ? On the bank
Scarce here and there the willow branches wave,
To mark the spot where some fair vessel sank
Beneath the billows, to a watery grave !
Ah ! was there none for you the storm to brave ?
None o'er the deep the friendly line to throw ?
None from oblivion dark your names to save,
Or on the lost one simple stone bestow,
To tell what truth, what worth, what beauty rest below ?

Friends of my youth ! Where are ye ? On the gloom
Of midnight drear I often fix mine eye ;
And seem to view, returning from the tomb,
The joys of other moments gliding by !
'Tis then I wipe the tear, and check the sigh,

And bid the hymn replace the plaintive moan ;
But morning dawns, the sainted visions fly,
I stretch my arms to grasp them—but they're gone—
And I am left again—sad—comfortless—alone !

Friends of my youth ! Where are ye ? Lost awhile !
But not for ever ! No ! The hour shall come,
When I shall meet you with a fairer smile,
And taste the raptures of your heavenly home !
Cheerless, indeed, and lonely here I roam !
But there is ONE, who is my pilot still ;
One, who, amidst the tempest's thickest foam,
Can grasp the rudder with a master's skill,
And steer my skiff to land, and safety, if He will !



THE GRAVE.

There is a spot, whose summit green
First brightens in the dawn of day ;
And 'tis the spot, where last is seen
The fading twilight's lingering ray :

And when in yonder azure sky
The moon unveils her beauties rare,
She seems, at least to fancy's eye,
To shed her mildest radiance THERE!

I love the spot! For all around
Eternal Spring her mantle throws;
And neither earthly voice nor sound
Is heard to break its soft repose.
For though, without, contention still,
And fear and doubt, and grief and care,
The home, the heart of man may fill,
Yet all is peace and silence THERE!

I love the spot! For there at last,
In union close, in slumber deep,
Their toils, their woes, their trials past,
The guardians of my childhood sleep:
And every idol of my pride,
The brother tried, the sister fair,
Have left the lonely wanderer's side,
To flee from pain and anguish THERE!

I love the spot! For every stone,
Which rears its humble form on high,
Still speaks of ONE, who left a throne
Of light, for men to bleed and die.

Exalted now, for all the just
He lives a mansion to prepare ;
And loves to guard the very dust,
Which rests in hope, and moulders THERE !

I love the spot ! For there I see,
When troubles rise or terrors frown,
Both room and resting-place for me
When I shall lay my sorrows down.
Then to the friends I loved so well
I'll go, their narrow home to share ;
And nought but nature's latest knell
Shall break my peaceful slumbers THERE



REST IN THE GRAVE.

Rest in the grave ! The body there
Shall sleep from all its woes ;
But will the immortal spirit share
Its long, its last repose ?

Ah ! no. Though silent and alone
The mortal part may lie,
The deathless principle lives on,
The soul shall never die !

Oh, then ! how vain our fond concern
To deck this earthly frame,
While careless that great work to learn
For which the Saviour came !
How weak, to spend our wealth and time
On what the worms consume,
Regardless of that spark sublime .
Which soars beyond the tomb !

Frail man, fool man, bethink thee well,
While yet thy moments flow,
That thy ne'er dying soul shall dwell
In changeless weal or woe !
Bethink thee well, how brief the space
For sin and folly here,
If ceaseless torments must efface
The pleasures once so dear !

A thousand roads, in world like this,
To hopeless ruin run ;
Yet there's a way to endless bliss,
Though, mark ! there is but one.

'Tis strait, 'tis rough; with Jesus' blood
 'Tis thickly sprinkled o'er;
But there the flowers begin to bud,
 Which bloom for evermore!

THE COMPASS.

The storm was loud; before the blast
 Our gallant bark was driven;
Their foaming crests the billows reared,
And not one friendly star appeared
 Through all the vault of heaven.

Yet dauntless still the steersman stood;
 And gazed, without a sigh,
Where, poised on needle bright and slim,
And lighted by a lantern dim,
 The Compass met his eye.

Thence taught his darksome course to steer,
 He breathed no wish for day;

But braved the whirlwind's headlong might,
Nor once throughout that dismal night
To fear or doubt gave way.

And what is oft the Christian's life
But storm as dark and drear ;
Through which, without one blithesome ray
Of worldly bliss to cheer his way,
He must his vessel steer ?

Yet let him ne'er to sorrow yield, •
For in the sacred page
A compass shines, divinely true ;
And self-illumined greets his view,
Amidst the tempest's rage.

Then firmly let him grasp the helm,
Though loud the billows roar ;
And soon, his toils and troubles past,
His anchor he shall safely cast
On Canaan's happy shore !

TO A TRACT.

Go little messenger of peace,
 Upon thy journey go!
Bid Sion's kingdom still increase,
 And wide its shadows throw :
Till they, who never knew the way,
 And they, who slight it known,
No more in paths of error stray,
 But live to God alone.

Go little messenger of peace,
 Upon thy journey go !
Bid the loud laugh of folly cease,
 The tear of sorrow flow.
Tell all who have not sought the Lord,
 Nor trusted to His grace,
That they who will not hear His Word,
 Shall never see His face.

Go little messenger of peace,
 Upon thy journey go !
From Satan's bonds the soul release,
 That pines in hopeless woe.

The sinner's troubled breast to calm,
To soothe the mourner's care;
In Gilead, say, there is a balm,
A great Physician there.

And oh ! on him, whose feeble hand
Thy little pages penn'd,
May every grace, by Heaven's command,
In plenteous showers descend !
That, if on sin's deceitful waves
The wandering bark he stay,
He may not, while he others saves,
Himself be cast away !

L' ADIEU.

Farewell ! It is a pensive word,
Yet I must say, farewell !
But, if my fervent wish be heard,
Thou wilt in safety dwell.

At morn, at night, the throne of graco
I shall approach in pray'r,
That He, who reigns in every place,
May make thy life His care.

The hours, which we have spent alone,
In converse frank and free,
Will prove, my friend, when thou art gone,
A solace sweet to me.
And oft, when yon pale star of eve
Shall deck the western sky,
My fancy, tutored to deceive,
Shall paint thee still as nigh.

If now I seek our favourite grove,
It seems no more the same ;
Though every warbler, as I rove,
Appears to chirp thy name.
And if beside the rolling deep,
With lingering steps I stray ;
My thoughts across the billows leap
To him that's far away.

But oh ! my friend, in summer bow'r,
Or by the restless main,
At noontide bright, or evening hour,
When shall we meet again ?

That question wakes each tender chord,
My heart begins to swell;
Farewell ! It is a pensive word,
Yet I must say, farewell !



PRIDE DISOWNED.

They call me proud ! They little know
My inward thoughts who style me so ;
They little think how low I lie,
Beneath my Maker's searching eye ;
They little guess how sad I feel,
When friends or strangers praise my zeal !

They call me proud ! Ah ! what have I,
To make my thoughts or musings high ?
A guilty rebel, self-arraigned ;
By countless errors hourly pained ;
For sin to wrath eternal doomed,
And but through mercy not consumed !

They call me proud ! They falsely blame ;
No merit, worth, or praise I claim.
If one faint hope to me be given
Of pardon, peace, and rest in heaven,
'Tis from the grace of Him who died—
The man of woes—the crucified !

On Him my fainting soul is staid,
On Him were my transgressions laid.
No pride was His ; to Him I pray
To purge each vain conceit away :
The best, the only garb for me
Thy lowly robe, Humility !



THE WIDOW.

The sullen bell had ceased to toll,
The yawning grave had closed,
Where he, the idol of her soul,
In silence dread reposed ;
And one by one the crowd had gone,
And left her cheerless and alone.

Yet still she lingered on the spot,
And wiped her streaming eye ;
This earth and all its charms forgot,
Unmarked the passers by ;
'Twas all, that hillock damp and low,
She recked of, in her depth of woe.

It held, though it concealed from view,
A youthful form and tall ;
On which, with rapture ever new,
She gazed, as on her all :
And hung, before the parting stroke,
Like ivy tendril on the oak.

Three little years had passed away,
Since, by a streamlet's side,
She listened to his tender lay,
And vowed to be his bride :
Those little years, how swift they flew,
Like summer cloud, or morning dew !

Three little years,—her burning brain
Can scarce endure the thought,—
Since, centre of the nuptial train,
She o'er that sward was brought,
Where now, in sable garments clad,
She stands a widow lone and sad !

O world! in such a plight as hers,
What could thy wise ones say?
The soul, from Sion's path that errs,
At once mistakes the way
To regions of eternal bliss,
And comfort in an hour like this.

Go, mourner, to the mercy-seat,
Pour forth thy sorrows there;
So may'st thou thy Redeemer meet
In holy, fervent pray'r;
And in thy blest experience feel,
He smites to save, and wounds to heal!

No doubts, no unbelieving fears,
Shall there thy breast annoy;
'Tis only they who sow in tears,
Can hope to reap in joy:
The rainbow ne'er heaven's concave spann'd,
Till once the flood had drowned the land.

A little while, and they who weep
Shall cease their tears to shed;
A little while, and thunders deep
Shall wake the slumbering dead;
And hearts, which bled with anguish sore,
Shall meet, to ache and part no more!

O for a place at God's right hand,
On that eventful day,
When earth and heaven, at His command,
Shall pass in flames away ;
And nought to sons of men remain,
But Christ, as their eternal gain !



VESPER MUSINGS.

'Tis sweet at evening's close to stray
Where scented wild-flowers skirt the way ;
And from the mountain's summit tall
To note the shadows as they fall.

'Tis sweet the full-orbed moon to view
Careering through yon vault of blue ;
Or mark her pale and trembling beam
Reflected from the silvered stream.

'Tis sweet to raise the kindling eye
To watch the cloudlets as they fly ;
And, while on friendship's arm we lean,
To muse in silence on the scene.

But sweeter far, O Lord! to meet
With Christians at Thy mercy-seat;
And break the calm, which round us reigns,
With pure devotion's mellowed strains.

For ah! though fair the robe of light,
Which wraps yon empress of the night;
And fair the flower, the mount, the rill,
Yet, Jesus! Thon art fairer still.

Thon art the bright, the spotless Lamb!
The likeness of the great I AM!
And every beauteous form we see
Derives its excellence from Thee!

Then, oh! what language shall we find
To paint Thy love to lost mankind;
When God in human nature came,
Endured the Cross, despised the shame?

Angels the courts of heaven forsook,
On such a wondrous sight to look;
Earth, like a helpless drunkard, reeled,
And the sad sun his face concealed.

Strange, that the love which wrought such things,
To us no genial influence brings;
While o'er the tale of fancied woe,
So soon our soft compassions flow!

O let Thy boundless grace constrain
Our souls to love Thee, Lord ! again ;
Rend, Jesus ! rend these hearts of stone,
And make us, from this hour, Thine own !

THE CHIEFTAIN'S TOMB.

“ What means that grey column
Unshapen and high,
Which draws so intently
The traveller's eye ;
And seems, as it throws
Its dark shade to the west,
Like a lightning-scathed oak,
Or a giant at rest ? ”

“ 'Tis the tomb of a chieftain,”
The rustic replied ;
“ By yon mountain streamlet
He fought and he died :

The clansmen erected
That stone where he fell,
His rank and his prowess
That strangers might tell."

But who was the chieftain,
And what was his clan ;
How bold or how brilliant
The course which he ran ;
The countryman knew not :—
For ages had fled,
Since the chief and his clansmen
Had slept with the dead.

How brief the distinction,
How empty the name,
Which sons of ambition
Call glory and fame !
To-day the proud victor
Is laid in his tomb,
To-morrow his garland
Has lost its perfume !

His stone on the heath
May the tempest defy ;
His column may point
Its grey top to the sky :

But when ages have passed,
 We his story explore,
And his name and his deeds
 Are remembered no more.

If mine the preferment,
 Which flows from a mind
By Scripture enlightened,
 By science refined ;
I'll leave to the children
 Of folly and crime,
The wreaths that acknowledge
 The canker of time.

What boots the grey pillar
 Which frowns o'er the wold ?
Or the chaplets encircling
 The busts of the bold ?
To me greater honours
 In prospect are given ;
A crown that's unfading,
 A mansion in heaven !

THE CHRISTIAN'S HOME.

There's not, methinks, a scene on earth
More fit to stay an angel's wing,
Than where by the domestic hearth
The Christian joys and graces spring;
And love and peace around them throw
An atmosphere of heaven below.

O! then the eye with pleasure beams,
The cheek returns affection's smile;
And the full heart pours forth the streams,
Which from its fountains gush the while
And jealousy, and fear, and doubt,
Are, with their poisons, all shut out.

When Christ, in human likeness born,
This vale of tears a pilgrim trod;
He left the crowd by passions torn,
To seek religion's calm abode:
And often spent an evening thus,
Beneath the roof of Lazarus.

We cannot sit in Mary's place,
And listen to the Saviour's voice;

But we can claim His promised grace,
And in a hope like hers rejoice :
And while our lips His praises fill,
Can feel His presence 'midst us still.

Yes ! let the worldling pant and toil
For honours, titles, wealth, or pow'r ;
We envy not the glittering spoil,
Which fades or crumbles in an hour :
The placid joys we love will last
When earth and all its charms are past.



LINES WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

Eliza asks, and I obey,
The tribute of an artless lay,
To grace her Album's page ;
And since the theme is left to me,
I choose me one which all agree
Will last from age to age.

The theme is that which angels love,
When through the radiant courts above,
 Their loudest anthem rings ;
When every heart, and every tongue,
And every golden harp is strung,
 To praise the King of Kings.

Jesus ! who once, a child of woe,
Wept, bled, and suffered here below,
 And deigned for men to die !
Jesus ! to praise whose matchless name,
Ten thousand glorious seraphs frame
 The chorus of the sky !

Jesus ! who made this ponderous earth,
Who gave yon splendent planets birth,
 And formed each lesser star !
Jesus ! who fills creation's throne,
Yet stoops to mediate for His own
 At Heaven's eternal bar !

Jesus ! of whom the prophets tell,
Who death disarms, and conquers hell,
 And bids the Tempter flee !
Jesus ! who hears the contrite sigh,
Who wipes the tear from sorrow's eye,
 And sets the prisoners free !

Awake, my lips ! awake, my lyre !
A higher strain, my soul ! and higher,
 To Him thy sins who bore !
It may not be ! No mortal speech,
No earthly harp the theme can reach,—
 I'm silent, and adore !



TO A YOUNG LADY,

*In reply to her wish that the Author's lot might be a
happier one than hers.*

And art thou so unhappy ? Yes,
 The shaft of death hath sped ;
And marred thy hopes of earthly bliss,
And taught thee that, in world like this,
 On kindred dust we tread !

Yet think, 'tis but a little hour
 That we shall sojourn here ;

And hope shall fail, and sorrow lower,
Till sin and death shall lose their power,
And Christ, our life, appear.

And know, 'twas from a Father's hand
That this bereavement came,
To fix thy thoughts on yonder land,
Where firm His grace and promise stand,
Unchangeably the same.

He often takes our gourds away,
And makes our prospects dim ;
Lest on these props our souls we stay,
And our weak hearts begin to stray
From holiness and Him.

Oh ! learn His sovereign hand to own,
When He thy faith would prove ;
And if He throw thine idols down,
Or seem upon thy joys to frown,
Believe 'tis all in love !

And bless the Lord, that he we mourn
Had that Redeemer found ;
Who has our griefs and weakness borne,
And if He now thy breast have torn,
Himself can heal the wound.

And bless the Lord, that thou hast seen,
And felt His fulness too;
And trust, from what the past has been,
That if upon His grace we lean,
We still shall find it new.

And bless the Lord, that He has said,
Though heaven and earth decay,
And sun and moon be wrapt in shade,
And all created glory fade,
His word shall last for aye!



THE SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

How dark were the clouds which enveloped my soul!
How cheerless the prospect which bounded my
view!
The billows dashed o'er me, disdaining controul;
And loudly and roughly the stormy winds blew!

My magnet was false, and my pilot asleep ;
No star shone to guide me, no harbour to save ;
But wildly my shallop danced over the deep,
The scoff of the breeze, and the sport of the wave.

When lo ! as the rocks seemed around me to close,
And the wide-yawning gulf to account me its
prey,
The bright Sun of Righteousness kindly arose,
The clouds were dispelled, and behold ! it was
day !

The dangers which threatened my bark to o'erwhelm,
Once touched by that light all their terrors forego ;
While Faith, with her compass, smiled sweet at the
helm,
And Hope, with her anchor, took post at the
prow.

Then sank the hoarse winds and the surges so wild,
The voice of the tempest died gently away ;
While a zephyr, as soft as the breath of a child,
Began through the cords and the canvas to play.

My soul, which was lost in the wrathful commotion
Of breeze and of billows commingled and drear,
Now smoothly and safely glides over the ocean,
Unharassed by doubt, and a stranger to fear.

And see where the beacon of mercy is gleaming,
And points to the beauties of yonder fair strand ;
Where the banners of love and of glory are streaming,
To soothe all my sorrows, and hail me to land !

THE HEATH-BELL.

I marked a little mountain flower,
Of bright and lovely hue ;
'Twas glistening from a recent shower,
Which drenched its cup of blue :
But cloudless all the sunbeams smiled
On that lone daughter of the wild.

Its beauties seemed entirely lent
To please the shepherd's eye ;
Its fragrance only born to scent
The breeze which rustled by :
And yet its great Creator's care
Sustained the modest floweret there.

It looked, in that sweet native dress,
 It neither wove nor span,
A preacher in the wilderness,
 To curb the pride of man :
For Solomon, in pomp arrayed,
Less form and comeliness displayed.

I marked ; and heard a voice within
 My stubborn heart reprove,
Too oft, through unbelief and sin,
 Forgetful of His love,
Who, though He rules each distant sphere,
Is to His children always near.

The hand, which made that floweret grow
 Upon the mountain's side,
Is with my soul in weal and woe,
 To shield me and to guide :
And from my head no hair shall fall,
Unseen by Him who counts them all.

My cup the dews of grief may fill,
 My heart in secret pine ;
But grace, with heavenly lustre, still
 Shall on my pathway shine ;
A constant, clear, unclouded ray,
Prophetic of Eternal Day !

STANZAS.

The tear is sad o'er youthful hopes
 Low sunk beneath the billow;
And sad the tear the widow drops
 Upon her orphan's pillow.

But there's a tear which pity calls,
 And sadder far than any;
A tear which daily, hourly falls
 Upon the heads of many :

'Tis when the thoughtless sons of mirth
 Are from their gambols riven;
And quit their fairest hopes on earth,
 Without one hope for heaven !

The smile is sweet, when from above
 All bliss and joy are flowing;
And sweet the smile which partial love
 Is on our vows bestowing.

But sweeter far that smile serene,
 To faith new beauties lending,
Which on the Christian's cheek is seen
 When life and death are blending :

That heavenly smile which seems to say
Farewell to all my sorrow ;
This head, which bows to death to-day,
Shall reign with Christ to-morrow !

THE DUELLIST.

We had not met since that glad hour,
When life and hope were new ;
And he, in search of wealth and pow'r,
Had waved a long adieu.
We had not met since that good day,
When I, with straining eye,
Had watched his white sails melt away
'Twixt ocean and the sky.

And twenty years had rolled along
Their tide of weal and woe ;
And ties, which boyhood thought were strong,
Still stronger seemed to grow :

For oft the scroll affection penn'd
Had o'er the seas been borne ;
And tokens, sent by either friend,
Had been received and worn.

At length the joyful tidings came,
That, forced no more to roam,
My friend elate with wealth and fame
Was hastening fondly home.
I saw his skiff, with rapid oar,
Sweep proudly through the spray ;
I saw him lightly bound on shore,
And—loathing turned away.

And why?—Had he, o'er riot's bowl,
My secret thoughts disclosed ?
Had he the purpose of my soul
In wanton mood opposed ?
Ah, no ! Though I esteemed him much,
His love was as unfeigned ;
And yet his hand I could not touch,
For it with blood was stained.

A random word, an idle jest,
When folly's sons were by,
Escaped his comrade and his guest,
And chafed his spirit high.

The challenge passed ; with purpose dread,
They met in lonely dell ;
The word was given, the bullet sped,
His guest, his comrade fell.

One post each tender feeling woke,
Which round my soul had wound ;
The next of that dread duel spoke,
And dashed them to the ground !
That moment, Henry, from my heart
Thy fixed regard I tore ;
For all-accomplished as thou art,
We could be friends no more !

On battle-field, thy foeman's fall,
With laurels decked thy brow ;
Thy country's safety formed thy call,
A worthy soldier thou !
But life from thoughtless comrade riven,
Through strife, at dance or wine,
Was murder in the eyes of Heaven,
And is no less in mine !

THE NIGHTINGALE.

'Tis said that (when the rustic rude
Invades her peaceful solitude,
 And bears her young away)
Sad Philomel, to ease her pain,
Pours forth her most melodious strain,
And makes the grove to sound again
 With her enchanting lay.

And thus the soul by grace refined,
For ever humble and resigned
 Beneath affliction's rod,
Though woes on woes his cup may fill,
Bids each rebellious thought be still,
And bows submissive to the will
 And chastisement of God.

When health and comfort take their leave,
When friends desert him, or deceive,—
 From earthly comforts driven,
He sits not down to grief a prey,
But tunes the lyre and frames the lay,
And rapt in ardour soars away,
 On wings of faith, to heaven !

THE FLOATING CHAPEL.

'Twas Sabbath morn. The summer sun in cloudless
splendour shone,
And tinged with gold each curling wave, as soft it
rippled on ;
I walked along the winding shore, bespread with
pebbles rare,
For thus I hoped ere noon to reach the distant House
of Pray'r.

I came where by the river's bank some stately vessels
lay,
And many seamen sought the beach in Sabbath rai-
ment gay ;
I marked not, as they paced along, their staid and
thoughtful air,
But sighed and wished they'd turn with me and seek
the House of Pray'r.

At length a streamer fair and broad my fixed attention
drew,
For in its folds it gave the Dove and Olive-branch to
view ;

The seamen climbed the vessel's side which did that
 banner bear,
I followed, and with joy beheld a floating House of
 Pray'r.

Above, beneath, each steadfast eye upon the preacher
 hung,
And sweet and holy was the strain the sons of ocean
 sung ;
No vacant look, no wandering glance, no drowsy nod
 was there,
Nor did one restless form disturb the seaman's House
 of Pray'r.

I listened to the Gospel's sound amidst a scene so new,
And saw at times the trickling tear a manly cheek
 bedew ;
I prayed that He, who loves His own, might make
 that ark His care,
And many souls be born within the seaman's House
 of Pray'r.

The rippling wave, the winding shore, no longer meet
 my gaze,
No more the snow-white Bethel flag my pensive foot-
 step stays ;
But oft, amidst the sacred calm of Sabbath morning fair,
My thoughts with new delight recall the seaman's
 House of Pray'r.

THE PINE.

I've seen the pine, the lofty pine,
Majestic crown the mountain's brow ;
And all the wintry blasts combine
In vain, its lordly stem to bow.
I've seen them sweep, with angry roar,
Around its tall unyielding form ;
Which moored its spreading roots the more,
And waved defiance to the storm.

And I have seen the tiny rill
Beneath it trickle day by day ;
Though stealing soft, yet mining still,
And wearing all its soil away :
Till every root at length was bared,
And sapless quivered o'er the dell ;
And that proud trunk, which time had spared,
Drooped, withered, unsupported fell.

And it is thus, the blameless man
Can fortune's every frown defy ;
And each approaching evil scan
With fearless, calm, unclouded eye.

For when the storms of life begin,
And dangers other breasts appal,
He feels a conscious strength within,
Which bears him up amidst them all.

And it is thus, that envy's tongue
Too often aims the secret blow,
Which blights the heart like angel's strung,
And lays the noblest spirit low.
Till they, whose loss the world may grieve,
Who breathed but love for all their kind,
That world at last renounce, and leave
A moral wilderness behind.



THE YOUNG CHRISTIAN.

The room was narrow, chill, and low ;
And from the casement small
Scarce light enough was thrown, to show
The damp and dingy wall,
Beneath whose shade, on pallet bare,
Was stretched a humble child of pray'r.

Eight times the summer's breeze has fann'd
His little pensive brow ;
But ah ! the lank and icy hand
Of death is on it now ;
And fast he journeys to the bourne,
From which no travellers return.

His wasted limbs, his fevered cheek,
His faint and ghastly smile,
Of deep decay and suffering speak ;—
And yet his lips the while
For nought but faith in Jesus pray,
And patience in this trying day.

His mother o'er his pillow bends,
To watch his spirit part ;
And much support his converse lends
To her lone, widowed heart :
For she, too, shares the inward joy
And peace, which cheer the dying boy.

“ Dear mother,” says he, “ cease to weep ;
Of hope my soul is full ;
But O ! my little brothers keep
At that blest Sabbath school,
To which I, under Jesus, owe
What I of grace and mercy know.

“ And when, by father’s lowly bed,
 You place me in the ground ;
And his green turf, with daisies spread,
 Has also wrapt me round ;
Rejoice to think, to you ’tis given,
To have a ransomed child in heaven ! ”

O Lord ! how oft do sucklings’ lips
 Thy matchless praise declare !
How oft in faith do babes eclipse
 The man of hoary hair !
But such is Thine unerring will,
In grace and nature sovereign still !



THE BIBLE’S COMPLAINT.

Am I the Book of God ? Then why,
O man, so seldom is thine eye
 Upon my pages cast ?
In me behold the only guide,
To which thy steps thou canst confide,
 And yet be safe at last !

Am I the record God has given
Of Him, who left the courts of heaven,
Thy pardon to procure?
And canst thou taste one moment's bliss,
Apart from such a hope as this?
Or feel one hour secure?

Am I the Spirit's voice, that tells
Of all His grace and love, who dwells
Between the Cherubim?
And wilt thou slight my warnings still?
And strive thy cup of guilt to fill,
Till it shall reach the brim?

O turn, at length, from danger's path,
And kiss the Son, lest in His wrath
The Father rise and swear,
That since, in mercy oft address'd,
Thou still hast scorned His promised rest,
Thou shalt not enter there!

Know that, in yonder realms above,
Where fondest sympathy and love
For erring mortals reign,
Ten thousand glorious spirits burn,
To celebrate thy first return
In loud ecstatic strain!

And hark ! From that abyss of woe,
Where tears of grief and anguish flow
Amidst devouring fire,
What sounds of hopeless wail proclaim
The terrors of Jehovah's name,
The fierceness of His ire !

O sinner, hear that doleful cry ;
And learn from sin and self to fly,
Ere Justice lifts her rod !
List, while thou may'st, to Mercy's call,
For 'tis a fearful thing to fall
Into the hands of God !

Now, now is the accepted day,
And shadow-like it fleets away
On wings of awful speed ;
Take up the Cross, and thou art strong,
Come life, come death.—Reject it long,
And thou art lost indeed !

THE STORM.

The gathering clouds obscure the sky ;
The trembling birds to covert fly ;
The awe-struck herds forbear to rove,
And stillness reigns throughout the grove.

The mower drops his scythe, to flee
To friendly cot, or sheltering tree ;
While nature, in each varied form,
In silent dread awaits the storm.

Now flash to flash, with lurid glare,
Succeeds, and lights the murky air ;
And hark ! above, from pole to pole,
The loud, terrific thunders roll !

Why shrinks my friend ? why pale with fear ?
Say, dost thou feel that God is near ?
And think'st thou not, when warblers fill
Thy bower, that He is nigh thee still ?

In every flower which round thee blows,—
In every blade of grass which grows,—
In every glade which cheers thine eye,—
In every stream which ripples by,—

On every mount,—in every dale,—
On every wave,—in every gale,—
A thousand tongues, through Nature's frame,
A God, a present God proclaim !

And oh ! if terror dim thine eye,
When summer storms pronounce Him nigh,
How wilt thou meet that dreadful day
When heaven and earth shall melt away ?

Go to that blood, whose cleansing flow
Shall make thy bosom pure as snow !
That blood, to him its aid who seeks,
Far better things than Abel's speaks !

Then, then thy soul redeemed, forgiven,
Released from sin, at peace with Heaven,
Shall mark unmoved even that dread fire,
In which ten thousand orbs expire !

Till, from the powers of darkness won,
We render Afric's sable son,
Whose freedom we so fondly view,
A freeman of the Gospel too !



VERSES

*Inscribed on the Blank Leaf of a Bible presented to
my Daughter.*

The gift thy Heavenly Father gave,
The sinful sons of men to save
 From hell and all its woes,
 An earthly parent now bestows,
To cleanse thy heart, to raise thine eye,
To guide thy footsteps to the sky.

Read and be wise. The hallowed page
Has shed abroad, from age to age,
 The light which points the way ;
 On which, without a wish to stray,
Midst all life's care, and toil, and woe,
The plain wayfaring man may go.

Read and be sober. Weaned from earth,
And partner in the second birth,
Thy treasure place above;
Where, in the realms of light and love,
The Saviour waits to share His throne
With those He calls, and makes His own.

Read and be holy. Spotless, pure,
And in Emmanuel's strength secure,
Upon thy journey speed;
And here, even while thou runnest, read
Of those bright trees, that sparkling river,
Which deck New Sion's streets for ever.

Read and be happy. With thy heart
Thus fixed upon the better part,
Which Mary wisely chose,
Thou may'st in simple faith repose
Upon that grace to pilgrims given,
To fit them for their home in heaven!

ODE

For the 1st August 1834.

Awake, my harp ! Let every string
Its sweet and joyful tribute bring !
Awake, my tongue, in gladsome lay,
To usher in the auspicious day !
And tell, in loud and grateful sound,
To all the wondering nations round,
That Britain, empress of the sea,
Has set her sable captives free !

O day to be remembered long,
The theme of thankfulness and song !
When from the fettered negro's limb
Drops every shackle, harsh and grim ;
When ransomed husbands fondly press
Their ransomed wives in chaste caress ;
And the freed parent smiles to see
His franchised offspring clasp his knee !

But yester eve the Orb of Day
Beheld, beneath his setting ray,
Eight hundred thousand bondsmen spread,
'Twixt hope and fear, their cheerless bed.

This morn, athwart the sparkling main,
He darts his glorious beams again ;
And ere they reach those scenes of toil,
No single slave pollutes the soil !

Long had the sons of Afric wept,
And long had Britain's conscience slept ;
But, when her better sense awoke,
She burst at once the captive's yoke.
And when her guilty children claimed
The ransom of the sin she blamed,
Her hard-won gold she nobly gave,
To purchase freedom for the slave !

Nor is her generous labour o'er ;
For, though her slaves are slaves no more,
Though from their limbs the fetters fall,
And earthly freedom smiles on all,—
Yet error clouds the negro's mind,
And Satan's chains his spirit bind ;
Nor does he yet that franchise know
The Gospel only can bestow !

Then, let us strive to shed abroad,
Through yon fair isles, the Word of God ;
And to the ransomed slave proclaim
The glories of a Saviour's name :

THE EAGLE.

Beneath the cliff our vessel lay,
And when the morning gun
First echoed round the little bay,
It startled from his eyry grey
An eagle of the sun.

One moment on the group below
The monarch of the sky
Looked fiercely down, as threatening woe ;
Then bent, on pinions broad and slow,
His stately course on high.

Right heavenward, in direct advance,
His noble form he reared ;
Still lessening on our upward glance,
Till, lost amidst the wide expanse,
At length he disappeared.

'Tis thus, when waked in mute surprise
From life's delusive dreams,
The ransomed soul its pinions plies,
To bask, amidst its native skies,
In truth's unclouded beams.

One downward glance is all it deigns ;
Then heavenward wings its way ;
Leaves far behind the toils and pains
Of earth, and lost in transport gains
The realms of endless day.



THE LILY.

All night the wind had whistled drear,
And at the morning's dawn
Ten thousand leaves, defaced and sear,
Were scattered o'er the lawn.

When lo ! along the garden walk
Young Clara chanced to stray,
Where severed from its parent stalk
A fading lily lay.

With pensive eye the little maid
Beheld the dying flow'r ;
“ And is thy lovely bloom,” she said,
“ Thus withered in an hour ?

“ But yesterday thy stately stem
Sustained thee like a throne ;
While here and there, like liquid gem,
The dew-drop round thee shone.

“ And now, no more at peep of morn
Thy form shall meet mine eye ;
Of all thy grace and fragrance shorn,
Thou’rt left alone to die.

“ Mute emblem of my mortal state !
While I thy fall discern,
May I from thine untimely fate
This useful lesson learn,—

“ That youth and health are like the flower
Which at my feet I see ;
To-day they deck a summer bower,
To-morrow cease to be.

“ Then happy they, whose youthful hearts
To Christ, their Lord, are given ;
For when their earthly bloom departs,
They bud afresh in heaven !”

STANZAS

To a Lady going abroad.

And wilt thou leave the sea-girt isle,
The home of former times,
And wander many a weary mile
In search of softer climes?
'Tis true its breezes oft are bleak,
And mist bedims its strand;
Yet, after all, the sooth to speak,
It is thy native land!

And other climes may fairer seem,
While distance bids them rise;
And hope may paint a pleasing dream
Of clear and cloudless skies.
But ah! though green their every tree,
And bright their golden sand,
They are not, and they ne'er can be
Thine own, thy native land!

And here are hearts which fondly beat,
And long shall beat for thee;
And here are ties, which once were sweet,
While thou wert fancy-free.

And when the stranger's looks are cold,
And closed his niggard hand,
Thou'lt sigh, 'Tis not like days of old,
'Tis not my native land !

And here thou mark'st the Sabbath-bell
Its solemn music send,
O'er hill and dale, the news to tell
Of Christ, the sinner's friend.
No doubt thy Lord is everywhere,
And can His grace command ;
But if there be a land of pray'r,
It is thy native land !

Yet go, my friend, since go thou wilt ;
And if the deed be wrong,
Our Covenant God forgive the guilt,
And guide thy steps along.
Farewell ! If grief thy cup should fill,
Or droop thy pilgrim band,
A kindly home awaits thee still
In this thy native land !

LINES

*Written under the little flower "Forget-me-not," in
the Album of a Lady going abroad.*

Four years, four little years ago,
And we did not each other know;
We've met to part, a wayward lot,
Yet, O my friend, forget me not!

Between us soon a thousand waves
Shall roll above their coral caves;
Between us soon shall valleys spread,
And mountains proudly lift the head.
But if, when evening gilds the sky,
You westward turn the wistful eye,
And think of this far distant spot,
Then, then, my friend, forget me not!

And when the hallowed hour of pray'r
Dispels the clouds of doubt and care;
When on the wings of faith you soar
To Him who our transgressions bore;
When hope and love their aid combine,
To fill your heart with peace divine;

When far behind you learn to throw
This world with all its toil and woe ;
Though gold seem dross, and fame a blot,
Yet, yet, my friend, forget me not !

NATURE AND GRACE.

Time was, when with a bounding heart
I o'er the landscape strayed ;
And, gazing round on every part,
Saw nature's charms devoid of art,
In brightest tints arrayed.

Oh ! then my youthful pulse beat high ;
And while the blackbird's song
Regaled mine ear from thicket nigh,
I tuned my pipe, his minstrelsy
To aid and to prolong.

But ah ! though every bird and flow'r
One joyous anthem raised ;

I knew not, felt not, in that hour,
The presence of the Guardian Pow'r,
Whom all Creation praised.

Now chastened sore in sorrow's school,
My soul has wiser grown ;
And washed, as in Bethesda's Pool,
With sobered step and passions cool
I thread the forest lone.

Yet think not, while with feelings staid
I seek the sylvan bow'r ;
Or gaze upon the deep cascade,—
I spend amidst the rural shade
A less delightful hour.

No ! Pensive though my gait may seem,
And tearful glance mine eye ;
I draw, from every glade and stream,
The substance of poetic dream
More rapturous and high.

For still, where'er my footsteps stray,
By grove or water's fall,
By verdant mount or coppice gay,—
I pause, look round, admire, and say,
" MY FATHER MADE THEM ALL ! "

SUNRISE.

Obedient to his Maker's voice,
Behold the gorgeous Sun
Again, in yonder sky, rejoice
His daily course to run !
At first his faint and struggling light
Through darksome vapours streams ;
But soon he darts upon the sight
His glorious noon-day beams.

'Twas thus, O Lord ! conviction's dawn
First reached my nature blind ;
Faint as yon sun-beams tinge the lawn,
It pierced my darkened mind :
But all the blissful radiance soon
Of Christ, my Sun, was shed ;
My spirit walked in cloudless noon,
And all its shadows fled.

And such, O Source of Life divine !
May my example be ;
Though faint and dim it now may shine,
And few its brightness see !

May I my lesser circle fill
 With mild devotion's ray,
As yonder light increases still
 Unto the perfect day !



THE BOAT.

My little boy had rigged a boat,
 And launched it on the stream ;
Where, as he saw the vessel float
 Beneath the sun's gay beam,
He clapped his hands with childish glee,
And deemed no shipwright skilled as he.

The brook was gliding gently on,
 And bore the bark away ;
Yet thought of danger he had none,
 Nor sought its course to stay :
But followed by the streamlet's side,
And eyed his skiff with joy and pride.

Anon the treacherous rill began
 To grow in depth and speed ;
And onward still the shallop ran,
 As light as any reed ;
And now and then, with sudden bound,
The current spun it round and round.

But faster as the vessel sped,
 The brighter grew the joy,
Which o'er the glowing features spread
 Of my delighted boy :
And still he added to his pace,
Transported with the mimic race.

At length a rock, unseen before,
 Stood forth its course to check ;
And sent it whirling to the shore,
 Dismasted, and a wreck ;
And there, with rigging torn and dank,
The owner found it by the bank.

At once his merry laughter fled,
 The skiff to land he drew ;
Then homeward, with a drooping head
 And bursting heart, he flew ;
Where, as he dried each tattered sail,
He told, with tears, his mournful tale.

“ Learn hence, my child,” I gently said,
 “ How soon on earth below
Our brightest hopes are doomed to fade,
 Our joys to end in woe !
And how beneath the fairest sky
Our fortunes wrecked and rent may lie !

“ And learn, ere on the ocean vast
 Of life you spread your sail,
How needful 'tis your anchor fast
 To fix within the veil !
Though oft on rocks and quicksands driven,
The soul is safe which points at heaven ! ”



A VALENTINE.

Maria ! has that heart of thine,
 With young affection warm,
E'er wished to have a Valentine,
 This dreary month to charm ?
Then, if the Christian Muse will aid,
Thou shalt have one, my little maid !

Of true-love knots I shall not sing,
Or darts from Cupid's bow ;
Nor shall I wake the sportive string,
My jests around to throw.
I shall not seek your taste to please,
With idle thoughts or strains like these.

I sing a love which shall survive,
When seas and skies are fled ;
A love shall keep thy soul alive,
When all on earth are dead ;
Emmanuel's love, a love divine,
Heaven grant that it may still be thine !

'Twas this which brought the Saviour down
From His celestial throne,
To bear for us His Father's frown,
And for our sins atone.
'Twas this which made our Surety bleed,
'Tis this which makes Him intercede.

Such love will all thy thoughts controul,
And all thine actions bless ;
And if thou feel'st it in thy soul,
Thou wilt perchance confess,
A Christian Bard a wreath can twine
As fragrant as Saint Valentine !

STANZAS.

When Beauty's finger lightly trips
 Along the sounding strings,
And from the favourite fair one's lips
 The melting music rings;
The while the ear each accent sips,
 We think the syren sings
Such lovely strains, as far eclipse
 All other earthly things !

But ah ! what were her numbers gay
 Compared with those of heaven,
If we could catch a single lay
 Through yonder welkin riven,
Like those which round its arches play
 On balmy breezes driven,
To welcome to the Gates of Day
 Another soul forgiven ?

HOROLOGIUM LOQUITUR.

Time rolls away, and every round
My little fingers trace,
Contracts, O man ! the narrow bound
Of this thy mortal race.

Time rolls away ! Perchance to thee
Time soon may cease to roll ;
Oh ! then be wise ; to Jesus flee ;
And seek to save thy soul.

Time rolls away ! A little span,
And swift its moments flow ;
Yet time, so brief, is fraught to man
With endless bliss or woe.

By nature proud, thy froward heart
May deem itself secure ;
But they who choose the better part
Would count its refuge poor.

The Law of God, so oft defied,
No hope, no comfort gives ;

But Christ, to gain thy pardon, died,
And to bestow it, lives.

That Saviour slight, and thou wilt toss
Each hope of bliss away ;
Repent, believe, embrace the Cross,
And thou art safe for aye !



TRUE CHARITY.

'Tis a feast of delight to behold o'er the land
The watch-fires of love and benevolence blaze ;
And the children of pity all stretching the hand,
The poor from their pillows of anguish to raise !
For O ! if 'tis sweet, at the dawn of the morrow,
To see the first tints on the mountains appear,
'Tis sweeter by far, in the mansions of sorrow,
To bid smiling comfort take place of the tear.

Yet pause not, ye friends of the helpless and poor,
When provision for bodily wants you have made ;
But endeavour the peace of the soul to secure,
And point to the tomb where Messiah was laid !
For then, though the cause of your tender emotion
Be called to encounter death's stroke, or its frown,
He'll embark on an untried and perilous ocean,
In the light of a day which shall never go down.

And what is the comfort which sympathy deals
To the mourner whose views are benighted and dim,
Compared with that strength which the Christian feels,
Who looks to the Saviour who suffered for him ?
Or what is the bounty your hands are bestowing,
To ease from the burden of temporal care,
To the joy, and the bliss, and the rapture of throwing
A sunbeam of hope on the night of despair ?



AFFLICTION.

You ask if all my lays are sad,
And I would answer, No ;
But, though my themes at times are glad,
They are not often so.

I'd rather go to sorrow's bow'r,
And wipe her tears away ;
'Than join, amidst the festive hour,
The laughter of the gay.

Affliction is a sacred thing,
As many a soul has found ;
For, though her scenes the heart may wring,
There's balm attends the wound.
And when the chamber-lights are dim,
And fleshly comforts fail,
'Tis sweet to hear and think of Him
Who dwells within the veil.

'Tis true, the season oft is dark ;
And, while earth's props decay,
The soul may grope, without a spark
Of light to cheer its way.
Yet, heavenward point the sufferer's eyes,
And ere death snaps the strings
Of life, a glorious Sun shall rise
With healing in His wings.

'Tis not to crush, but prove our souls,
That God appoints us woe ;
A Father's hand the blast controuls,
And curbs the billow's flow.

The storm may rage and thunder loud,
And wave contend with sky;
But faith will on the darkest cloud
Tho rainbow's tints descry.



TO MARY.

Dear Mary, when sickness and pain
This feeble clay tenement rend,
We should not, we must not complain,
But meek to the chastisement bend.

Affliction is sent but to wean
Our hearts from earth's baubles and pelf;
And teach us for comfort to lean
On Him who is fulness itself.

Though health with its roses should fly,
Though youth with its strength should decline,
The soul which has treasures on high
Sees nothing to make it repine.

The Saviour, whose grace is our trust,
Is ready before we can plead ;
He knows that our frame is but dust,
And suits His supplies to our need.

His aid, like His mercy, is sure ;
He died, that His flock He might save ;
He felt every pang we endure,
He wept o'er His friend in the grave.

Distress, if to Him we have run,
New glories around us shall shed ;
As night, which obscures but one sun,
Discloses a thousand instead.



TO A MOURNER.

Droop not, my friend, though many an hour
Thou hast to spend alone ;
For o'er thee leans a Guardian Pow'r,
Who claims thee for His own.

And though the crowd may pass thee by,
Without one word of cheer,
Heaven's gracious Lord is always nigh,
To wipe the starting tear.

His bounteous hand is opened wide,
His children's cup to fill ;
His love has oft thy wants supplied,
And will supply them still.
No mortal tones thy spirit soothe,
No voice to lull thee sings ;
But angels shall thy pillow smooth,
And fan thee with their wings.

Thou hast not sought thy portion here,
The world has nought for thee ;
As shun the herd the stricken deer,
Thy sight its children flee.
Yet, if thy Saviour calm each doubt,
And make thy heart His throne,
Thou'lt feel, when earth is most shut out,
That thou art least alone !

STANZAS.

Lov'st thou to see the light of morn
Across the wintry landscape gleam,
Now glistening on the silvered thorn,
Now glancing from the frozen stream ?
Then go, and bid the smile of joy
To age's withered cheek return ;
The power, which Heaven has lent, employ
To make life's taper clearer burn.

Though, pale and dim, the Orb of Day
May not the face of Nature warm ;
His fitful glance, his feeble ray,
Imparts a faint, a passing charm.
And though the sad, the stranger smile,
May not reverse the sufferer's doom,
'Twill cheer the aching heart awhile,
And light the passage to the tomb.

THE HOUR OF DEATH.

I often think upon the hour,
 When friends around my bed
Shall watch my pulse's failing pow'r,
 And prop my drooping head ;
And whisper, " Life is ebbing fast,
It will not—no !—it cannot last ! "

And what will, in that hour of grief,
 My fainting soul sustain ?
Will riches bring me sure relief ?
 Will honours ease my pain ?
Will laurels wipe away the dews,
Which then my cold damp brow suffuse ?

Ah ! no. The wealth the world supplies,
 Its titles and its fame,
Will not in that dark hour suffice
 The latest foe to tame.
A Saviour's love, for ever new,
For ever strong, alone will do.

His grace the troubled brain will calm,
 Support the sinking heart ;
And drop upon the soul a balm
 Unknown to human art :

And when both sight and hearing cease,
Suggest the thoughts and words of peace.

Thus, thus sustained, the vale of death
I'll tread secure from harm ;
And, while I struggling pant for breath,
Still lean upon His arm ;
Till life's last gleam shall light my eye,
And my tongue falter " VICTORY ! "

THE DYING CHRISTIAN'S ANTICIPATIONS OF DEATH AND GLORY.

My body wastes, my strength decays,
My cheek is sunk and pale ;
My feeble, fluttering pulse betrays
How fast my spirits fail.
The garden spreads its every charm,
To tempt me forth again ;
But friendship's kind, encircling arm
Assists my steps in vain.

In vain the sun ascends the sky,
Or darkness veils the lawn :
By day, for evening's close I sigh,
By night, for morning's dawn.
Each waking act a burden seems
To nature's sinking pow'rs ;
And fancy's wild and fevered dreams
Disturb my sleeping hours.

Come then, my soul, since human skill
Disowns all hope to save,
My thoughts let death and judgment fill,
And realms beyond the grave.
And while my friends, with doubt and fear,
My fading members see,
Let this dear truth my bosom cheer,
That Jesus died for me.

Jesus, my Prophet, Priest, and King,
In death's cold arms has lain ;
Jesus, who blunts the monster's sting,
Shall raise my dust again.
'Tis sweet to feed upon His grace,
Who reigns on Sion hill ;
But oh ! to see Him face to face,
It must be sweeter still !

My soaring spirit heavenward tends,
Ev'n now its porch I view ;
Adieu, my dear, desponding friends !
And thou, vain world, adieu !
The faith that Christ is Lord on high
A blest assurance gives ;
Shall ransomed sinner fear to die
While his Redeemer lives ?

THE DYING CHRISTIAN'S FAREWELL.

Weep not for me ! No boding fears,
My coward heart appalling,
Could pain me like those ceaseless tears
From friendly eyelids falling !

Weep not for me ! Nor think it love,
My soul on earth detaining,
To bar me from the joys above,
Where Christ is ever reigning !

Weep not for me ! To Him I go,
The last weak tie is breaking,
Which binds me to this world of woe
I triumph in forsaking !

Weep not for me ! The struggle's past,
I feel the moments fleeting ;
One kiss receive—it is my last,
Till our eternal meeting !

Weep not for me ! But learn the while,
That, when on Christ relying,
There is—the proof this placid smile—
There is no pain in dying !



SONG OF THE DYING BARD.

The Spring will come ; but not for me
The leaves will clothe the forest tree.
The Spring will come, and flowers will bloom,
But 'twill be o'er my grassy tomb.

The Spring will come ; and meadows gay
Will sparkle in the solar ray ;
And lambs will bleat, and birds will sing,
But I shall ne'er behold the Spring !

The Spring will come ; and o'er the ground
The swain will plod his yearly round ;
And scatter wide his hoarded grain,
In hopes to reap his fields again.
The Spring will come ; and, free from care,
The maids will to the groves repair ;
And home their woodland chaplets bring,
But I shall ne'er behold the Spring !

The Spring will come. How oft have I
For its revival breathed the sigh !
And chid the dreary winter day,
As though it loitered on its way !
But now, if such a genial theme
Once mingle with my feverish dream,
Soon, soon the fond deceit takes wing,
For I shall ne'er behold the Spring !

My little chamber's pictured wall
Is now my grove, my grot, my all ;
And for the streamlet's tinkling flow,
I watch the clock's vibrations slow :

Or, if its cuckoo-notes awake
Remembrance of the mountain brake,
Athwart my soul dark shades they fling,
For I shall ne'er behold the Spring!

Yet pause my heart, and hush thy moan;
A Father's meet correction own.
That love which gave His Son to die,
That I might live and reign on high,—
That love has now hedged up my way,
Lest I should from His precepts stray;
And for the joys to which I cling,
Has promised an unfading Spring!

In that bright land to which I go,
Shall all the flowers of Eden blow;
The Rose of Sharon ne'er shall fail,
Nor cease the Lily of the Vale:
While I, with still expanding pow'rs,
Shall celebrate the golden hours;
And tune, to harp of matchless string,
The praise of an Eternal Spring!

THE CHAMBER OF DEATH.

'Twas silence all ; with noiseless tread
 I paced the darkened room,
Where scarce one straggling sun-beam shed
 Its lustre through the gloom ;
And rested on her lonely bed,
 The heiress of the tomb.

I bent me o'er the lifeless clay,
 The features shrunk and wan,
Where not one smile was seen to play,
 No vital current ran ;
But all, in whisper, seemed to say
 How frail a thing is man !

I thought of those delightful hours,
 When o'er the moonlight glade,
Or 'midst the garden's fragrant bow'rs,
 With careless steps we stray'd ;
Or cropped the woodbine's clambering flow'rs
 Beneath the hazel's shade.

I thought of childhood's guileless day,
Of youth's untainted prime ;
Of love's subdued, yet potent sway,
Religion's joys sublime ;
And every bliss which charmed away
The silent march of time.

I thought upon the bed of pain,
The fevered lip and eye ;
The restless limb, the bounding vein,
The last, deep, stifled sigh :
The tongue that will no answer deign,
Though friends the dearest cry.

I shed upon her lifeless cheek
One tear-drop, and no more ;
And knelt in faith and patience meek
That comfort to implore,
Which they, who through the Saviour seek,
Receive in boundless store.

I knelt ; and lo ! in vision bright
My soul was rapt away,
Where, 'midst a world of glorious light,
I saw a fair array
Of spirits, clothed in garments white,
The stranger's welcome pay.

A spotless robe, a victor's palm
To her I loved were given ;
While hands unseen diffused a balm
Through all my heart-strings riven ;
And on my breast there sunk the calm,
The unbroken calm of Heaven !



TO LAURA.

"This world is all a fleeting show."

O Laura, cease ! Thy sorrows dry ;
Accept the comfort given ;
When those we love in Jesus die,
'Tis but our faith and hope to try,
And raise our thoughts to Heaven !

He is not lost, but gone before,
Who from thy side is riven ;
And every pang on earth he bore
Will serve to make him prize the more
The unmingled joys of Heaven !

For what is Life? A troubled sea,
Where to and fro we're driven;
And if the Lord our Pilot be,
Death only comes from sin to free,
And bear us safe to Heaven!

Some gain the port at break of day,
And some at noon or even;
O then, when friends are called away,
Let us, resigned, look up and say,
We'll meet again in Heaven!



EPITAPH ON A CHILD.

Sleep on, my babe! thy little bed
Is cold, indeed, and narrow;
Yet calmly there shall rest thy head,
And neither mortal pain nor dread
Shall e'er thy feelings harrow!

Thou may'st no more return to me ;
But there's a time, my dearest,
When I shall lay me down by thee,
And when of all, my babe shall be,
That sleep around, the nearest !

And sound our sleep shall be, my child,
Were earth's foundations shaken ;
Till He, the pure, the undefil'd,
Who once like thee an infant smil'd,
The dead to life awaken !

Then, if to Him, with faith sincere,
My babe at death was given,
The kindred tie that bound us here,
Though rent apart with many a tear,
Shall be renewed in Heaven !

ON THE DEATH OF MY SON WILLIAM.

My little one, my fair one, are then thy troubles o'er?
And has thy slight and feeble bark arrived at Canaan's
shore?

Hast thou at length a haven reached, where thou canst
anchor fast,
And heed no more the pelting storm, the billow, or the
blast?

My little one, my fair one, though brief thy course has
been,
Few days of sunshine cheered thee on, few smiling
coasts were seen;
It seemed as o'er thy shallop frail the raven flapped
his wing,
And scared the bright and halcyon tribes, which might
thine advent sing.

My little one, my fair one, thy couch is empty now,
Where oft I wiped the dews away, which gathered on
thy brow;
No more amidst the sleepless night I smooth thy
pillow fair,
'Tis smooth, indeed, but rest no more thy small pale
features there.

My little one, my fair one, thy tiny carriage waits,
But waits in vain to bear thy form through yon in-
viting gates ;
Where bloom the flowers as erst they did, when thou
couldst cull their sweets,
But roams in vain thy father's eye, no answering
glance it meets.

My little one, my fair one, thy lips were early trained
To lisp that gracious Saviour's name, who all thy guilt
sustained ;
Nor would I weep because my Lord has snatched my
gourd away,
To blossom bright, and ripen fair, in realms of endless
day.

My little one, my fair one, thou canst not come to me,
But nearer draws the numbered hour when I shall go
to thee ;
And thou, perchance, with seraph smile, and golden
harp in hand,
May'st come the first to welcome me to our Emma-
nuel's land !

THE POWER OF FAITH.

She sat beside her father's bier,
And gazed upon the dead ;
No friend was nigh, her soul to cheer,
Or wipe the tears she shed ;
But all was silent, dark, and drear,
Around that orphan's head.

Her mother in the clay cold grave
Had slept before her time ;
Her sisters fair, her brothers brave,
Had withered in their prime ;
And one, his plighted troth who gave,
Was in a distant clime.

Yet she was calm. Amidst her woe,
She often raised her eye ;
And while she stopped the tear-drop's flow,
And checked the bursting sigh,
Appeared, though lonely here, to know
She had a Friend on high.

And she was thankful. He, whose death
The last sad wound had given,
Had felt the power of saving faith ;
And purged from fleshly leaven,
Had blessed her with his latest breath,
And bid her trust in Heaven.

Such faith was hers ; no meteor gleam,
Which kindles for a day ;
Then, fast as phantom of a dream,
Is destined to decay ;
But, like the sun's perennial beam,
A warm and sober ray.

It bore her up amidst the toil
A parent's wants required ;
And when the last foe came to spoil
The gourd her heart desired,
It let no earthly feeling soil
The prayers that stroke inspired.

And now, beside that lifeless clay,
In hope and peace divine,
She wipes the starting tears away ;
Nor dares, nor will repine.—
O Lord ! though fair or dark my day,
Let faith like hers be mine !

ON THE DEATH OF A BELIEVER.

O think that, while you're weeping here,
His hand a golden harp is stringing;
And with a voice serene and clear,
His ransomed soul, without a tear,
His Saviour's praise is singing !

And think that all his pains are fled,
His toils and sorrows closed for ever;
While He, whose blood for man was shed,
Has placed upon His servant's head
A crown, which fadeth never !

And think that, (in that awful day,
When darkness sun and moon is shading,)
The form, which 'midst its kindred clay
Your trembling hands prepare to lay,
Shall rise to life unfading !

Then weep no more for him, that's gone
Where sin and suffering ne'er shall enter;
But on that Great High Priest alone,
Who can for guilt like ours atone,
Your own affections centre !

For thus, while round your lowly bier
Surviving friends are sadly bending,
Your souls, like his, to Jesus dear,
Shall wing their flight to yonder sphere,
Faith lightest pinions lending !

And thus, when to the silent tomb
Your lifeless dust like his is given,
Like Faith shall whisper, 'midst the gloom,
That yet again, in youthful bloom,
That dust shall smile in Heaven !



ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

O ye, who, with the frequent tear
And saddened step, assemble here,
To bear these cold, yet loved remains,
Where dark and cheerless silence reigns,
Your sorrows hush, your griefs dispel,
The Saviour lives, and All is well !

Let unbelief lament or frown,
To see so fair a flower cut down ;
But O let faith direct her eye,
Amidst her tears, to yonder sky ;
And, on this sweet assurance dwell,
The Saviour lives, and All is well !

Those eyes, indeed, are rayless now,
And pale that cheek, and chill that brow ;
Yet, could that lifeless form declare
The bliss its soul is called to share,
How would those lips delight to tell
The Saviour lives, and All is well !

And O, were it to mortals given,
To hear, through yon blue vault of heaven,
The strains which ransomed spirits sing,
Thus would the joyous descant ring :—
“ The Lord, who snatched our race from hell,
The Saviour lives, and All is well ! ”

Come then, let us no more repine,
But all the glorious anthem join ;
And, while our fondest hopes decay,
Still learn to wipe our tears away ;
And loud the heavenly chorus swell,
“ The Saviour lives, and All is well ! ”

ON THE DEATH OF A VERY DEAR
CHRISTIAN FRIEND.

The grave has closed o'er thee ! And never again
Shall I look on those features so gentle and kind ;
But, till life shall have ceased in my last ebbing vein,
Thine image shall ne'er be effaced from my mind !

The grave has closed o'er thee ! Yet oft shall I go,
When spring with its daisies has spangled the plains,
To muse on the converse we held here below,
And gaze on the turf which enshrouds thy remains !

The grave has closed o'er thee ! No more shalt thou
wake
In the night, with the chill damps of care on thy
brow ;
And that heart, which was left in its lonesome to ache,
Shall feel neither anguish nor solitude now !

The grave has closed o'er thee ! Though faint was thy
smile,
And languid and tearful thy hazel eye's gleam ;
Yet I loved to behold them, as proving the while
That thy griefs were forgotten, when Christ was the
theme !

The grave has closed o'er thee! Thy form shall decay,
Too fragile at all times for region like this;
But thy spirit, enfranchised, has mounted away,
On the strong wing of faith, to the mansions of bliss!

The grave has closed o'er thee! Thy last sad adieu
Still thrills through the breast thy departure has
 riven;
Yet it speaks of an hour, when our souls shall renew
The friendship of earth 'midst the glories of heaven!



ON THE DEATH OF A PARENT.

When death has closed the infant eye,
Or nipt the youthful bloom,
A Saviour's smile can cheek the sigh,
And cheer the mental gloom.
We think of that celestial morn,
When all our dust shall rise;
And, on the wings of angels borne,
Ascend to yonder skies.

But, when our parents yield their breath,
Can aught our sorrows charm ?
O yes, the same sustaining faith
Can their last foe disarm.
We know our Father reigns above,
And from His heavenly throne
Regards with fond, unchanging love,
The souls He calls His own.

Then brethren, sisters, though the props,
To which you clung, may fail,
Still mourn as those whose anchored hopes
Are cast within the veil.
And if the thought of pleasures fled
Should oft renew your pain,
In Jesus' footsteps humbly tread,
And you shall meet again !

I would not, though I soothe you thus,
Your burst of feeling blame ;
The Friend, who wept for Lazarus,
Once felt and did the same.
But I would point your thoughts on high,
Where those you now deplore
Have laid their pains and sorrows by,
And feel their weight no more.

And I would point you to the page,
Where, to our raptured view,
Almighty power and truth engage
To make us victors too.
Of all that's said or promised there,
This glorious truth the sum,
That every form which death can wear,
Our Lord has overcome.

ON THE DEATH OF THE REVEREND
THOMAS SPENCER.

When winter's breath to early doom
Has swept the garden's choicest bloom,
It is not for the rose
The genial tide of pity flows ;
'Tis for the parent bush, whose pride
Lies nipt and mouldering by its side !

And, Spencer ! if I drop a tear
Of grief upon thine early bier,
'Tis not for thee I mourn !
'Tis for the breasts with anguish torn,
Of friends, of flock, ordained to feel
A wound no art, no time can heal !

Lamented youth ! Though brief has been
Thy day, yet we have seldom seen
 A course so fair as thine ;
 And if like stars their spirits shine,
Who many souls from darkness turn,
Then brightly shall thy glory burn !

And not in vain the envious wave
Has snatched thee to untimely grave,
 If from thy tomb we hear
 The warning, with a holy fear ;
And seek the Saviour ere the day
Of grace and mercy pass away !

For thus, though dead, thou still shalt speak ;
And though, upon thy glowing cheek,
 Or in thy beaming eye,
 We read no more the purpose high,
Which marks the messenger of Heaven,—
Yet thus shall sound the caution given :—

“ If, in the stem whose leaf is green,
Whose blossom fair, such things be seen ;
 What shall be in the dry
 And barren trunk, in which the eye
Of the Great Husbandman can see
No promise of a goodly tree ? ”

ON THE DEATH OF HIS MAJESTY KING
GEORGE III.

And has that night then found a close,
That cheerless night of woe and pain ?
And does that honoured head repose,
Where sorrow ne'er shall reach again ?
And has that spirit passed away
At length, on joy's seraphic wing,
To reap, in realms of endless day,
The harvest of so dark a spring ?

We sigh—and yet we may not mourn,
We weep—but it is not for thee ;
For, when its glories all are shorn,
We would not prop the withered tree.
And, when upon thy clouded hour,
No mental radiance kindly fell,
We felt, for hope had lost its pow'r,
That death alone could break the spell !

'Tis for ourselves we heave the sigh,
'Tis for ourselves we drop the tear ;
For though long hid from every eye,
Yet every heart has held thee dear.

And though thy sceptre, and thy throne,
Thy son might sway, thine heir might fill,
Our thoughts, our love were all thy own,
Thou wert our king, our father still !

O yes, and while we fondly turn
The page where all thy virtues shine,
And hallow long the votive urn,
Which shall be all we have of thine ;
This, this alone shall bring relief,
That now on thee no tempests frown ;
But that, amidst thy people's grief,
Thou hast received a heavenly crown !



EXPOSTULATION.

Fond mortal, pause ! the curtain drop
On this vain world awhile ;
The gaudy flowers no longer crop
Which o'er thy pathway smile :

No lasting good, no solid gain
Can these afford thy soul ;
There's danger still in pleasure's strain,
And poison in her bowl.

But far beyond this narrow scene
Of idle sound and show,
There lies a land whose meadows green
No change of seasons know :
The flowers which round those meadows spring
No deadly thorns conceal ;
The dwellers there no secret sting,
No pain, no terror feel.

The gate, which bounds that happy land,
Against our race was closed ;
And many a snare and hostile band
Our near approach opposed :
But He, who reigns in glory there,
Has thrown the barrier down ;
And bids the boldest foes forbear
Upon His friends to frown.

Then mortal, pause ! the charms resign
Which oft to death betray ;
And fix thy thoughts on joys divine,
Which pall not, nor decay ;

And if the strait, the hallowed road
Be rough and steep to view,
Oh ! trust to find a present God,
To bring thee safely through !

THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

Written at the close of the year.

Hark ! how the solemn midnight bell,
From yonder turret lone,
Proclaims, with loud and startling knell,
Another year is gone !
And shall we drain the wassail-cup,
Or raise the song of glee,
As swiftly, surely winding up
Our thread of life we see ?

No ! If in youth's unthinking day,
Ere care had marked the brow,
We trifled months and years away,
Let us be wiser now :

And, conscious of the mighty debt
 We to our Maker owe,
No longer struggle to forget
 We reap but what we sow !

No ! Let us seek, with holy dread,
 Through His exalted Son,
A pardon for the year that's fled,
 And grace for that begun :
Grace, to improve the little hour,
 For peace and safety given ;
Grace, to resist temptation's pow'r,
 And tread the path to heaven !

O ! think that, if an opening year
 A lengthened period seem,
It will but at its close appear
 A short, a troubled dream !
Approaching, Time ne'er travels fast,
 To scythe and crutch he clings ;
And 'tis not till for ever past,
 That we perceive his wings !

THE NEW YEAR.

The stream of time is rolling on,
Another fleeting year is gone,
 Another year begun;
Then let me pause, and looking back
One moment on the varied track,
 Retrace the course I've run.

I would not thankless be as they,
From Dan who to Beersheba stray,
 And cry, 'tis barren all;
When mercies on my path are strewn,
I would the grateful feelings own,
 For which those mercies call.

And countless blessings, largely shed,
Each day on this unworthy head
 In gentle showers descend;
And every night, from every harm,
I feel a kind, almighty arm
 My slumbers still defend.

'Tis not for minds like ours to scan
The limits of our mortal span
 With too presumptuous eye;

'Tis not for us to know the hour
When we shall hear the call of pow'r,
To meet our Judge on high.

The husbandman, who plants a tree,
Cannot with prophet's glance foresee
If it shall proudly bloom ;
Or if, in evil day, the brand
Shall blast the labour of his hand
By an untimely doom.

Nor can we tell if we shall bear
The burden of our sin and care
For three score years and ten ;
Or if, in manhood's early prime,
We shall not bid adieu to time,
And fellowship with men.

This much the Word of God reveals,
That when His grace our spirits seals,
And marks them out for His ;
Come soon, come late, the change shall be
A change from guilt and misery,
To innocence and bliss.

What, though a valley dark and steep,
A foaming river broad and deep,
The space between may fill ?

He, who has trod the path before,
Can on that vale His radiance pour,
And bid those waves be still.

Here, then, to our Emmanuel's praise,
Let us our Ebenezer raise ;
And, with the past in view,
Still to the same Almighty Guide
And Guardian fearlessly confide
Our future journey too.

Thus safely by the Saviour led,
No want, no danger shall we dread,
Nor shrink from Jordan's foam ;
Since every year which glides away,
And every month, and week, and day,
But brings us nearer home !



THE PAST.

The Past ! And is it all a dream ?
A feverish, fitful vision ?
How airy now its phantoms seem !
Which smile, as in derision

Of all the pains the sons of earth
Bestowed on each fantastic birth.

The Hero—where are all his arts
To be renowned in story ?
The Patriot—he who won our hearts,
And sat enthroned in glory ?
Both, both have gone to join the train,
Whose names shall ne'er be heard again !

The Poet—where is now the toil,
He spent on tuneful numbers ?
The Scholar—where his midnight oil,
And frame denied its slumbers ?
All, all have reached the fatal shore,
From which they shall return no more !

The Christian—he upon the past
Alone can look with pleasure ;
Because his joys are joys that last,
And have no date or measure :
Their source, the great Creator's throne,
Their durance, the Eternal's own !

HYMNS.

SABBATH MORNING HYMN.

Come, let us lift our voices high,
To praise His matchless name,
Who formed the earth, the sea, the sky,
And all that fill the same.

Six days on these His power divine
Their Maker did display;
Then rested from His bright design,
And blessed the Sabbath-Day.

And hence He guards the day with care,
And in His law commands,
That man shall still on it forbear
To labour with his hands.

O let us all, with one accord,
The high behest obey ;
And holy, holy to the Lord,
Preserve the Sabbath-Day.

Yet let us not, on pleasure bent,
The sacred hours mispend ;
And thus defeat the kind intent
Of our Almighty Friend.
But let us seek our Father's face,
And at His footstool pray
For faith, and love, and strength, and grace,
To keep the Sabbath-Day.

Thus bright, amidst its sacred rest,
Devotion's flame shall burn ;
And thus with rapture every breast
Shall hail its swift return.
And when to yonder realms above
Our souls are called away,
The joys of heaven to us shall prove
ONE ENDLESS SABBATH-DAY !

THE SAME.

It dawns ! my soul with rapture say,
It dawns again, the hallowed day,
 On which the Saviour rose !
Awake, my lips, the joyful song ;
Ye echoes sweet, His praise prolong,
 Who triumphed o'er my foes !

The angel comes, the mountains shake,
The prostrate keepers fear and quake,
 The stone is rolled away !
Behold ! He leaves His dark abode,
Ascends on high, and shines the God,
 Whom heaven and earth obey !

O sinners ! 'twas for you He bled ;
For you He bowed His sacred head,
 And poured His dying groan ;
And 'tis for you again He lives,
And by His resurrection gives
 An earnest of your own.

Come then, with me, His grace proclaim,
Take up His cross, exalt His name,
 And spread the tidings round ;

That He, who bore our sins and pains,
The King, the Lord of Glory reigns,
With might and honour crown'd!

And seek no more, with effort vain,
A better righteousness to gain,
Than what His death secures :
For all His saints, the Incarnate Son
A bright, a spotless robe has won,—
BELIEVE—AND IT IS YOURS !



SABBATH EVENING HYMN.

Behold ! in yonder western sky,
The smiling Orb of Day
Again proclaims, to reason's eye,
A Sabbath passed away !
O let us raise, before it close,
A humble, holy strain ;
Nor add it to the list of those,
Which we have spent in vain !

How richly, Lord !, Thy mercy streams,
Our lips have often told ;
But ah ! our Faith, how dead it seems !
Our Love to Thee, how cold !
Much, much we need Thy Spirit's fire,
To kindle to a flame
This feeble zeal, this faint desire,
To bear, or bless Thy name.

Whate'er our ears have heard this day,
Within Thy House of Pray'r,
Do Thou to every heart convey,
And deeply fix it there.
Or, if from inspiration's spring
Our souls in secret drew,
That home to every conscience bring,
With power, and unction too.

That, conscious how our fallen race
Have blindly strayed from Thee,
And of our Saviour's boundless grace,
We to His Cross may flee !
And while His wondrous love we sing,
Our thoughts may heavenward soar,
As on the eagle's venturous wing,
And cleave to earth no more !

THE SAME.

O Lord ! around Thy mercy-seat,
 When two or three combine,
With humble, contrite hearts, to meet,
 And laud Thy power divine ;
Though cold and weak may seem their pray'r,
 Their praises faint and rude,
Thou hast engaged to meet them there,
 To bless and do them good.

And round Thy mercy-seat do we
 This hallowed eve convene,
To raise our feeble thanks to Thee,
 Who hast our Surety been.
Oh ! while with grateful feelings thus
 Thy boundless love we own,
Dear Lord ! be in the midst of us
 Thy gracious prescence shown !

We come not here, our natures pure,
 Or righteousness to plead ;
Nor would we pardon, Lord ! procure,
 By making fatlings bleed :

For all the guilt which on us weigh'd,
 (And 'twas a fearful load !)
One Lamb has full atonement made,—
 The holy Lamb of God.

In Him we trust ; on Him we lean ;
 And for His Spirit pray,
Our thoughts from things of earth to wean,
 That we no more may stray.
The hearts which once Thy laws abhorr'd,
 We bend before Thy throne ;
Accept the worthless offering, Lord !
 And seal them for Thine own !

MORNING HYMN.

Jehovah ! round Thy footstool see
 A little band appear ;
Who now desire to worship Thee
 With love, and yet with fear :
With love, for all the varied ways,
 In which Thy grace is shown ;
With fear, lest, while that grace we praise,
 We render words alone !

Oh ! for the sake of Him, who took
No angel's nature high,
But all the joys of heaven forsook,
As Abr'ham's seed to die ;
Awake in our dull hearts the zeal,
Which glowed in Israel's king ;
'That we may all Thy mercies feel,
While we Thy mercies sing !

Dear Lord ! we bless the guardian arm,
Thou hast beneath us spread,
To shield, this night, from every harm
Each weak unconscious head.
Now let Thy truth, through all the day,
Its beams around us throw ;
And teach us still to choose the way,
In which we ought to go.

And oh ! while in this vale of tears
Our pilgrim feet shall tread,
Be Thine the love which soothes our fears,
The hand by which we're fed !
And when the last long evening falls,
And these poor frames decay,
Be Thine the gentle voice which calls
Our way-worn souls away !

THE SAME.

Lord ! we exalt Thy sovereign pow'r,
Who still Thy watch hast kept,
In midnight's dark, defenceless hour,
To guard us while we slept.
And round Thy throne again we pray,
That Thou our guide wouldst be ;
And teach us to devote this day,
And all our lives, to Thee !

Whate'er our daily labour calls
Our busy hands to do ;
Whate'er to us or ours befalls,
Or we around us view ;
Still to the God, in whom we trust,
May our affections rise ;
Still may we keep Thy precepts just,
Thy fear before our eyes !

O may our staid and wary feet
To no temptations yield,
Or in the city's crowded street,
Or in the lonely field !

But may we glance to neither hand,
Nor feel a wish to roam ;
Like strangers in a distant land,
Who long to reach their home !

And when, our mortal journey o'er,
We come to Jordan's stream ;
Upon the flood, from Canaan's shore,
May truth and mercy beam :
That, casting all their fears away,
And cleansed from every sin,
Our souls may, at the Gates of Day,
With Jesus enter in !



THE SAME.

O Thou ! whose word's resistless might
Dispelled the gloom of ancient night ;
And bade each glorious orb appear,
Which sheds its lustre on our sphere ;—

A kind, a favouring ear incline,
And touch our hearts with grace divine,

While thus we tune our artless lay,
To usher in the new-born day.

O Lord ! in all Thy works around,
Are traces of Thy Godhead found ;
And still the bright, the varied plan
Proclaims Thy boundless love to man.

It clothes the mount, it decks the vale,
It gently whispers in the gale ;
It bids the purling streamlet flow,
The forest bloom, the floweret blow.

But ah ! this world, so sweet, so fair,
So marked by Thy paternal care,
Far sweeter, fairer, nobler smiled,
Ere first by sin, by guilt defiled.

Yet though defiled, Thou great Supreme,
Thy Son, Thine image, (wondrous theme !)
This earth in human likeness trode,
To bring poor sinners back to God.

Dear Lord ! we come ; our guilt we own ;
Our trust is in Thy grace alone ;
O turn our hearts to seek Thy ways,
That lips and lives may hymn Thy praise !

EVENING HYMN.

The shades of eve around us fall,
The sun has sought the west ;
The voice of nature seems to call
Our weary limbs to rest.
Come then, to Him let us delight
Our humble vows to pay ;
Who watches o'er our sleep by night,
And guides our steps by day.

Great God ! our lips can ne'er declare,
Nor do our spirits know,
How much to Thy protecting care,
Or to Thy love, we owe !
From Thee our first great parents sprang,
In mind and image fair ;
While young creation round them sang,
And hailed the matchless pair.

Nor, though their race have fallen low,
And broken Thy commands,
Hast Thou consigned to hopeless woe,
The creatures of Thy hands :

But (O our souls admire the cost !)
Thine only Son has given,
That they, who once an Eden lost,
Might win a throne in Heaven.

O search our hearts this night, and see
If we our sin have felt;
And, of Thy grace and favour free,
Their stony hardness melt !
Give us, with faith's unclouded eye,
Our bleeding Lord to view ;
And pour Thy Spirit from on high,
Our natures to renew !

For thus, at peace with God above,
At peace with man below,
Our hearts shall still o'erflow with love,
As on our way we go.
And when our dust to dust we give,
Our lips shall not complain ;
For, while it shall be Christ to live,
To die it shall be gain !

THE SAME.

O Lord ! when we a single day,
With all its thoughts and acts survey,
We find, alas ! the saying true,
That sin is mixed with all we do.

We bear Thy name ; we praise Thy grace ;
At morn, at eve, we seek Thy face ;
Yet love the world, and every hour
Submit our feelings to its pow'r.

If duty points, our eyes we hide ;
If pleasure calls, we turn aside ;
If any praise the Christian's lot,
We hear as though we heard them not.

All this we do, and yet we know,
Dear Lord ! that it should not be so ;
But such we are, so weak we prove,
So slow our best affections move.

O for Thine own name's sake, we pray,
Blot all, blot all our sins away ;
Wash, wash us clean amidst the flood
Of Thine atoning, precious blood !

And oh ! lest, through this feeble flesh,
We crucify our Lord afresh ;
Or, in a cold and lifeless frame,
Put Him we love to open shame ;

The Holy Ghost, the heavenly dove,
Impart, dear Saviour ! from above ;
And make each heart, from bondage free,
A living temple, Lord ! to Thee !



THE SAME.

Another day for ever fled
Yon dark and lengthening shades proclaim ;
My soul, in song thy pinions spread,
And bless thy great Creator's name.

Another day, for ever fled,
Demands a serious, calm review,
Of all I did, and thought, and said,
As swift its precious moments flew.

Another day, for ever fled,
Has proved how weak, how poor I am ;
Still to the world alive, but dead
To all the graces of the Lamb.

Another day, for ever fled,
Has left this solemn truth behind,
That I, by light celestial led,
Am yet the blindest of the blind.

Another day, for ever fled,
Has shown my Saviour always nigh,
Where'er my wandering feet might tread,
To raise my grovelling thoughts on high.

Another day, for ever fled,
Has heard His gracious counsel given ;
And seen His worthless servant fed
With manna and with bread from heaven.

Another day, for ever fled,
May teach thee thus, my soul, to say,
That He, who once for Israel bled,
Will never cast His sheep away !

SATURDAY EVENING HYMN.

Ye worldly cares and themes begone,
Far other thoughts my bosom fill ;
Another week has swiftly flown,
And I am spared and living still.

Lord ! teach me so to count my days,
That I my heart and soul may give,
With all their powers, to wisdom's ways,
And to Thy praise and glory live.

Soft let the dews of sleep descend,
This night, upon Thy servant's head ;
And, while I rest, Thy wings extend,
Thy guardian wings, around my bed !

Then, when the rosy morn shall break,
And chase the shades from yonder sky,
Give me in health and peace to wake,
To seek Thy face, and feel Thee nigh !

Sweet is the Sabbath's dawn to them,
Who Thy salvation long to see ;
And in the new Jerusalem
With fervour hope to dwell with Thee.

Such be to me the hallowed morn,
Such joy may its return afford ;
Thine image on my heart be borne,
And all my spirit praise my Lord !

For thus, built up in faith and love,
My soul shall pant to reach the skies ;
And in Thy radiant courts above
A Sabbath taste that never dies !



THE CONFLICT.

My Saviour ! when I think of all
That Thou hast done for me,
I long to break the cruel thrall
Which keeps my heart from Thee :
But ah ! so great the power of sin,
So strong the tyrant's chain,
That, when I would the work begin,
I find 'tis all in vain.

Yet shall I still the combat seek,
 Though I am vanquished long ;
Content to know, though I am weak,
 That Thou, my Lord ! art strong.
And I shall trust Thy promise still,
 And still the prayer renew,
That Thou would'st both impart the will,
 And grant the strength to do.

Lord ! I believe. Mine unbelief
 Do Thou, in mercy, aid ;
Convince me, though of sinners chief,
 That Thou my peace hast made !
On me a heart of flesh bestow,
 Remove this heart of stone ;
And down to earth each idol throw,
 Which would usurp Thy throne !

A pilgrim and a stranger here,
 As all my sires have been,
Permit me not to prize too dear
 The beauties of the scene !
But teach me, free from every stain,
 As dross to count the whole,
Since all the world were little gain,
 If I should lose my soul !

THE JOURNEY.

Pilgrims in a vale of woe,
Pilgrims faint and far from home,
Through this dreary waste we go,
Longing for our change to come.
Clouds and darkness lower around,
Skirt our path, obscure our way;
But the home, to which we're bound,
Brightens in eternal day.

Oft, indeed, the passing breeze
Scatters all the clouds awhile;
Then the weary traveller sees
Sion fair, though distant, smile.
Kindling Hope his bosom warms,
Faith revives, and waxes strong;
Love the toilsome journey charms,
Bursting forth into a song.

But, alas! the breeze decays,
Fast the shades descend again;
Darkness mocks our eager gaze,
Stretching o'er the desert plain.

Sudden silence binds the tongue,
Faith retreats, no longer bold;
Sion's joys remain unsung,
Hope departs, and Love is cold.

Lord ! confirm our feeble Faith,
Give us its defects to see ;
Let not every fleeting breath
Shake thy children's trust in Thee !
Teach us to Thy will to bow,
Sure that, when our toils are past,
Sion, hid or distant now,
Still shall be our home at last !



THE WELCOME.

Dear Friends ! who, in the narrow path,
With us your lot have thrown ;
And to escape the coming wrath,
Depend on Christ alone :
Accept, in proof of love sincere,
The welcome tendered thus ;
For they, who count the Saviour dear,
Must still be dear to us.

And Thee we thank, Exalted Head
Of all Thy name who bear,
That, if so few that path should tread,
We yet have comrades there !
O check each base and selfish thought,
Confirm each feeling kind ;
And make us, by one ransom bought,
But one in heart and mind !

Vouchsafe Thy presence now, we pray,
Our waiting souls among ;
And grant that this may be a day
To be remembered long !
May every breast with ardour glow,
And every heart be moved,
To tell how much Thy Church below
Thou hast for ever loved !

O may our sweet discourse of Thee
Each fainting spirit cheer :
And teach us still Thy hand to see
In all our troubles here !
And if to us on earth to meet,
It shall no more be given ;
May we, O Lord ! each other greet,
With brighter joy, in heaven !

THE PARTING.

Dear Christian Friends, farewell !

Our Master bids us part ;

But still, where'er we're called to dwell,

Will bear us on His heart.

His love is not confined

To time or space like ours ;

'Tis pure as His eternal mind,

And boundless as His pow'rs.

Dear Christian Friends, farewell !

Our Master bids us part ;

But still, where'er we're called to dwell,

Will bear us on His heart.

His gracious eye pursues

His sheep, though oft they stray ;

And 'tis His hand their strength renews,

And suits it to their day.

Dear Christian Friends, farewell !

Our Master bids us part ;

But still, where'er we're called to dwell,

Will bear us on His heart.

If fame or wealth should fly,
And fleshly comforts cease,
His Spirit still shall hover nigh,
And sweetly whisper peace.

Dear Christian Friends, farewell !
Our Master bids us part ;
But still, where'er we're called to dwell,
Will bear us on His heart.
And if no more on earth
We mingle songs of love,
Partakers of the second birth,
We shall at least above !

ADORATION.

O Thou ! who spread'st the skies abroad,
Whose voice controuls the raging sea,
From everlasting Thou art God,
And shalt to everlasting be !

Where'er the shores of earth expand,
The nations at Thy footstool bow ;

None can Thy boundless power withstand,
And none may ask Thee, What dost Thou ?

Yet, though Thy throne is lifted high,
Where streams of light and glory flow ;
Thou dost regard with gracious eye
The meanest of Thy saints below !

And though in strains so sweet, so clear,
The hosts of heaven their anthems raise ;
Thou wilt vouchsafe a listening ear,
When we, even we, attempt Thy praise !

O that our lips a lay could frame
More worthy of the theme we sing !
Then should our hearts with joy proclaim
The matchless glories of our King.

But ah ! though love, though duty call,
And hovering angels round us throng ;
How faint, how low our numbers fall !
How worthless is our noblest song !

O Lord ! forgive the feeble strain,
In which our humble vows we pay ;
And when we join the heavenly train,
We'll chant Thy praises loud as they !

PRAISE.

My God, my Shepherd, Father, Friend !
To Thee my soul would rise ;
O let my feeble praise ascend,
Like incense, to the skies !

Ye glorious seraphs, watchful still
Where Sion's children sleep,
Your golden harps with heavenly skill,
To aid my numbers, sweep !

Praise Him, who draws the veil of night
O'er yonder landscape gay ;
Then sends His sun, a herald bright,
To shout returning day !

Praise Him, who gives a monarch birth,
Or sets a nation free ;
Yet lets no sparrow fall to earth,
Without His high decree !

Praise Him, who bids the ocean swell,
Or stills its angry roar ;
Yet stoops to paint the meanest shell,
Which lies upon its shore !

Praise Him, who thought of Adam's race,
When sin had brought them low ;
Who calls, and saves them by His grace
From everlasting woe !

Praise Him, who left the courts above,
And groaned, and bled, and died ;
That He might melt those hearts by love,
Which had His wrath defied !

My God, my Shepherd, Father, Friend !
'Tis thus my soul would rise ;
O let my feeble praise ascend,
Like incense, to the skies !



SUPPLICATION.

O Thou, in whom we live and move,
From whom our breath we draw,
We would approach Thy throne of love
With reverence and awe !

For oh ! it is a fearful thing
To court our Maker's eye,
With hearts which may to Mammon cling,
And hands which sin may dye.

O God ! lest in our secret soul
Thy holy law we spurn,
Or long to break its mild controul,
And to our husks return ;
Regard us not in wrath, as we
Must in Thy sight appear ;
Our Shield, Thine own Anointed, see,
And banish all our fear !

On Him we cast our every care,
Who left His Father's throne,
The burden of our flesh to bear,
And for our guilt atone.
His righteousness to us impute ;
His Spirit, Lord ! bestow ;
That on these barren boughs the fruit
Of holiness may grow !

And still, by Thy resistless might,
Defend us, Lord ! we pray,
From terror's shades which fall by night,
From danger's shafts by day !

Ourselves, and all we count most dear,
We freely trust to Thee ;
Who wilt, if we confess Thee here,
Our endless portion be.



THANKSGIVING.

Thy daily bounties, O our God !
Our daily thanks demand,
While here we make our brief abode,
And tread this desert land.

Each hour, in soft refreshing show'rs,
Thy gifts from heaven desceud ;
For Israel's chosen God is ours,
A never-failing Friend.

But while for loud and grateful lays
Those ceaseless mercies call,
One gift, O Lord ! we still must praise,
Which far transcends them all :

A gift, from hell and all its woe,
Which saved a world undone ;
A gift Thou only couldst bestow,
Thine equal, only Son !

O that these dull and lifeless frames
With warm affection glowed,
For Him, who our allegiance claims,
Whose blood for sinners flowed !

But sin, as with a wintry blast,
Each genial feeling chills ;
And binds, in icy fetters fast,
Our cold reluctant wills.

O hasten, Lord ! the happy hour,
When, from those fetters free,
Our full o'erflowing breasts shall pour
A tide of love to Thee !

Fair Sun of Righteousness ! impart
One bright, one piercing ray ;
Shine, shine on every frozen heart,
And melt its ice away !

THE OMNISCIENCE OF GOD.

God sees us, when the eye of man
Our acts and movements cannot scan ;
For to His gaze the darkest night
Is radiant as the noon-day light !

God hears us, when no mortal ear
The language of our lips can hear :
For, though enthroned above the sky,
He is to all His creatures nigh !

He sees, He hears ! More wondrous still,
He marks the workings of the will ;
And notes the slightest shade of sin,
That lurks our inmost souls within !

Lord ! let the Saviour's cleansing blood
Wipe out our failings like a flood ;
And let the Holy Ghost, this hour,
Subdue our spirits to Thy pow'r !

We would be holy, Lord ! and we
Would walk in humbleness with Thee ;
Serve Thee till life's short dream is past,
Then rise and reign with Thee at last !

THE CHRISTIAN GRACES.

What is Faith? It is to see
Jesus bleed, and die for me;
'Tis to trust that He has won
All I've set my heart upon.

What is Hope? It is to know
Comfort 'midst the deepest woe;
'Tis to fix the inward eye
On a home beyond the sky.

What is Love? It is to find
Brethren, friends, in all mankind;
'Tis to bid the wretched share
In our bounty, feel our care.

Faith discerns where Jesus trode;
Hope supports us on the road;
Love instructs us to display
Christian kindness by the way.

Heavenly Dove! descend and bring
All these graces on thy wing;
That my Saviour's eye may see
Faith, and Hope, and Love in me!

EMMANUEL.

My Saviour! while with raptured eye
I see Thee in the manger lie,
With wonder, yet with love, I scan
The weakness of the Son of Man.

But, when throughout Thy mortal race
Thy meek and lowly course I trace,
In every path Thy footsteps trode,
Thou stand'st revealed the Son of God.

And oh! when, raised by murderers high,
I see Thee bleed, and faint, and die,
'Tis then, my dear, my gracious Friend,
The Creature and Creator blend!

Transcendent mercy! matchless love!
Which brought Jehovah from above;
Mysterious union! wondrous pow'r!
Which conquered in the expiring hour.

O for a harp by angels strung!
A seraph's fire, a cherub's tongue!
To chant in loud, triumphant strains,
That Christ a Prince and Saviour reigns!

Hell and the grave are vanquished now,
Their spoils adorn the victor's brow ;
Let saints on earth their homage pay,
And saints in heaven repeat the lay !

THE LONGING SOUL.

O when shall this cold heart awake,
And spurn the world for Jesus' sake ?
O when shall this dull spirit soar,
And yield to sin and sense no more ?

Dear Lord ! whene'er Thy cross I view,
Devotion's flame bursts forth anew ;
But soon, if earthward turn mine eyes,
The sacred ardour fades and dies.

Oh ! in this breast, to evil prone,
My Saviour, stoop to fix Thy throne ;
In all Thy heavenly graces deign
The Sovereign of my heart to reign !

To Pisgah's top my spirit bear,
To see the glorious prospect there ;
And note the length, from strand to strand,
And breadth of my Emmanuel's land !

Then, while I trace each goodly field,
With all the precious fruits they yield ;
And mark where, in the distance blue,
The towers of Zion rise to view :

My soul, enraptured with the scene,
Shall grudge the space which lies between ;
And long, with dauntless breast, to brave
The deep, dark strength of Jordan's wave !

O when shall this cold heart awake,
And spurn the world for Jesus' sake ?
O when shall this dull spirit soar,
And yield to sin and sense no more ?

HYMN FOR A PRAYER MEETING.

O God ! in singleness of heart,
 Around Thy throne we meet ;
Bid every worldly thought depart,
 And make our converse sweet !

Believers in one common Lord,
 With one bright home in view,
We seek the joys Thy smiles afford,
 And find them ever new.

Oh ! lifeless, as the summer flower
 'Till gentle zephyrs blow,
And drop the soft refreshing shower,
 Too oft our spirits grow.

But soon as on Thy breath of love
 The heavenly dew descends,
The genial influence from above
 A new existence lends.

Then, while the world intrudes no more,
 And doubt and darkness flee,
Our pure affections learn to soar,
 And centre all in Thee !

Lo ! upward turns each waiting eye,
And each fond bosom glows,
As if our hearts would pierce the sky
To which our Saviour rose.

Come, dearest Lord ! descend, and reign
Supreme in every breast ;
So shall our souls an earnest gain
Of their eternal rest !



HYMN FOR A SICK PERSON.

My God ! while on the bed of pain
Beneath Thy rod I lie,
Permit me not to weep in vain,
But hearken to my cry.
I pray not that Thou would'st the yoke
From off my neck remove ;
For, painful though I feel the stroke,
I know 'tis meant in love.

Yet this I pray, that, while Thy face
Is from Thy servant veiled,
Thou wouldst unlock those stores of grace,
Whose fount has never failed :
That, while my flesh and spirit war,
My hope may rest on Thee ;
And, as my days of anguish are,
My inward strength may be !

Ah ! when their joy Thy children seek
In this terrestrial scene,
'Tis fit that they should see how weak
The reed on which they lean.
And when the hard, the stony heart,
Thy kindness cannot feel,
'Tis meet that it should bear the smart,
Which may its errors heal !

O teach me, then, to kiss the rod,
And bow my will to Thine ;
The path of grief my Saviour trod,
And why should I repine ?
Upon His Cross I'll fix mine eye ;
That sight this trust affords,
That if I live, or if I die,
I still shall be the Lord's !

HYMN FOR A CHILD.

O Lord ! while life and hope are young,
And all are kind to me ;
While strains of pleasure prompt my tongue,
Let me remember Thee !

Where'er my wayward footsteps turn,
Whate'er mine eyes may see ;
May I Thy power, Thy love discern,
And, Lord ! remember Thee !

And when to man's estate I grow,
Though rich, though great I be ;
May all my feelings heavenward flow,
And I remember Thee !

And oh ! when evil days shall fall,
And health and comfort flee ;
'Midst sorrow's cloud and suffering's thrall,
May I remember Thee !

And thus, till life itself shall end,
And I'm from sin set free ;
Creator ! Father ! Guardian ! Friend !
May I remember Thee !

HYMN FOR THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

O Child of Dust ! if e'er thine eye
Has watched the torrent's flow,
Where distant from its source on high
It sweeps the vale below ;

Then hast thou seen a silent force
Pervade its current strong ;
No sound, no ripple marks its course,
And yet it speeds along.

'Tis noiseless thus, but swift as thought
The stream of time rolls by ;
And thus, though man regards them not,
His precious moments fly.

A few brief days, in splendour bright,
Yon glorious orb has shone ;
Add next a few returns of night,
And lo ! a year is gone.

Lord ! grant me grace these seasons fleet
To Thee alone to spend ;
That I with joy Thy face may meet,
When life's short race shall end.

And teach me on that Saviour's love
To build my only trust ;
Who, though He fills a throne above,
Was once allied to dust.

O then, while days and years shall glide
In silent speed away,
My soul shall view the ebbing tide
Without the least dismay :

For still my Saviour-God shall be
At hand, though unpereceived ;
And I salvation nearer see
Than when I first believed !



THE AUSTRALIAN EMIGRANT'S HYMN.

O Thou ! who know'st not change of place,
Nor feel'st the flight of time,
Accept my thanks for all Thy grace,
In many a varied clime.

Thou heard'st me breathe my childhood's pray'r,
In Albion's distant isle ;
Thou hear'st me still invoke Thy care,
Where southern woodlands smile.

Lord ! send me faith, a Father's hand
In all Thy works to see ;
And make this moral waste a land,
Where praise is paid to Thee.

Let Christian temples glad the eye,
On every mountain's brow ;
And Christian hymns ascend on high,
Where all is silent now.

Ungodly yet though thousands live,
Who here Thy kindness prove,
Propitious springs and harvests give,
And win them by Thy love.

For me, a pilgrim's lot is mine,
I ask but pilgrim's fare ;
The daily bread vouchsafed to thine,—
A crust, perchance to spare.

But oh ! while life's short years revolve,
My soul in safety keep ;
And grant me, when earth's ties dissolve,
In Christ to fall asleep !

HYMN FOR A COMMUNION OCCASION.

Introductory.

Sinner ! 'Tis thy Saviour dies !
See Him close His sacred eyes !
See that tide of crimson hue
All His fainting limbs bedew !

Rebel ! That expiring groan
Shall for all thy guilt atone !
Every spot thy robes betray
In that blood is washed away !

Mourner ! Now with tender care
From His cross thy Lord they bear ;
O'er the scene thy form incline,
With their sorrows mingle thine !

Mortal ! In the lowly grave
Must He sleep, who came to save ;
Yet thy rising grief restrain,
Feeble is the tyrant's chain !

Christian ! Yes, the Man of Woes
From that tomb triumphant rose ;

Rose, and from His throne above
Eyes thee now with looks of love !

Before the Service.

Then approach ! With heart sincere,
Shew thy firm allegiance here ;
'Twas Himself who gave the sign,
Bake the bread, and poured the wine !

Faithful to His last command,
Take these symbols in thy hand ;
Eat, and Jesus suffering see ;
Drink, and ponder, 'twas for thee !

During the Service.

Surely this is sacred ground !
Holy stillness reigns around !
God is near, and reconciled
Welcomes each repentant child !

After the Service.

Go in peace ! By duty led,
In the path of virtue tread !
Every sin thy steps pursue
Jesus feels, and bleeds anew !

THE UNIVERSAL HALLELUJAH.

See the books of judgment closing,
Fast creation's embers die ;
Happy souls, on Christ reposing,
Wing their flight above the sky !

Chorus.

Round the throne, ye ransomed, gather !
Strike your harps, ye heavenly host !
Glory give to God the Father,
God the Son, and Holy Ghost !

Kindred joyous kindred greeting,
Pain and grief behind them cast ;
Lost in this ecstatic meeting
All remembrance of the past !
Round the throne, &c.

Soaring still, the glad immortals
Sion's gates with transport win ;
Lift your heads, ye golden portals,
Lift, and let the pardoned in !
Round the throne, &c

Now, how changed is their condition,
From these earthly scenes of night !
Hope—become most blest fruition,
Faith—converted into sight !
Round the throne, &c.

Silenced every dark foreboding,
'Midst the radiant realms of day ;
Doubts no more, the heart corroding,
Strew with frequent thorns the way.
Round the throne, &c.

Care, nor want, nor woe shall enter,
Death ne'er blights those regions fair ;
Joy, and bliss, and glory centre
All in this, that CHRIST IS THERE !

Round the throne, ye ransomed, gather !
Strike your harps, ye heavenly host !
Glory give to God the Father,
God the Son, and Holy Ghost !

NOTES.

NOTE A.

“YET THERE IS ROOM.”—Page 94.

There are little histories attached to many of the pieces in this volume, which, if the Author had time or space to relate them, would not be without their interest. For example, the verses bearing the above title were composed under the following circumstances:—A poor but pious woman, whom the Author attended many years ago in his professional capacity, was confined to bed by an inveterate and painful malady; and, in addition to her bodily sufferings, was frequently afflicted with doubts of her interest in the Saviour. One night, in particular, she endured much distress from this cause; she could not sleep, but tossed and turned from side to side, unable to recollect one text of a consoling nature, while many crowded on her memory full of denunciations of the divine wrath against sin. She prayed earnestly for deliverance from her doubts and fears; and at length it came. Towards morning, the words, “Yet there is room,” recurred as vividly to her recollection, as if they had been spoken in her ear; all her doubts and ap-

prehensions vanished ; she felt that there was room in the ark of divine grace for all who sought refuge there ; and she fell asleep, with the sweet feeling of being reconciled to God, through the merits of His Son. These circumstances she related to the Author at his next visit, and he composed the verses in commemoration of them, and gave her a copy. She appreciated them very highly, called them "her hymn," and constantly kept them under her pillow.

The Author may add, as an illustration of the manner in which divine grace levels all the distinctions of rank, that the late venerable Viscountess Duncan was exceedingly partial to the same stanzas ; which she met with in the "Family Hymn Book," published by the Author seventeen years ago. She also called them "her hymn," kept the leaf doubled down at the place where they occurred, and underlined the last two lines with pencil. Thus the verses, originally composed for the consolation of a bed-ridden pauper, became, in the kind providence of God, a source of spiritual joy and edification to the relict of a peer—the widow of the Hero of Camperdown !

NOTE B.

"THE MISSIONARY'S GRAVE."—Page 113.

The incident, on which this piece is founded, is thus narrated in the *Evangelical Magazine* for 1831, page 583:—
"We then entered a little valley, where we saw the ruins of several houses, and we learned that this was the spot where the missionary Williams had commenced a mission

in 1816. This country was then inhabited by Caffres, but now the frontiers of the colony are enlarged. We stopped to visit a spot, which the servants of God had often watered with their tears, and where they had to struggle against every species of difficulty; we now found there only the walls of a building which for many years was used as a school, and which now serves for the abode of serpents and other reptiles of the desert. All round there is a considerable space of ground where the traces of culture are still easily discoverable, and upon the edge of a stream we saw the tomb of the missionary, covered with stones and thick turf. By its side was the trunk of an old tree, probably the same as that mentioned by Mrs Williams, in the touching account she has given of the death of her husband. This tree had evidently been burned, and we attributed this peculiarity to the Caffres; who are accustomed, when any one dies among them, to reduce the habitation of the deceased, and all that belongs to him, to ashes. In seeing this spot, where the ashes of a zealous servant of God reposed, we could not resist a feeling of sadness. Yet a few years and our bodies also will fall in the desert; but thanks be to God, who has given us a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ! The ashes of a preacher of the Cross, in a barbarous country, are but an additional argument in favour of a blessed immortality! Before quitting this place, which furnished us so striking a proof of our fragility, we knelt down, and on the tomb of this faithful servant of Christ, our brother Rollance entreated the Lord to give us grace, that when the hour of our departure should arrive, we might be enabled with peace to commit our souls into his hands. This lesson, which Providence taught us in so unexpected a manner, furnished ample matter for meditation during our journey."

NOTE C.

"REST IN THE GRAVE."—Page 123.

The origin of this piece was as follows:—Meeting one day, on the street, with my much respected friend, the Rev. Christopher Anderson, I happened, in reply to his inquiry after my health, to say that I was well, but much fatigued by my professional labours, which scarcely left me any time for rest. "Hush! man," replied Mr. Anderson, planting two fingers of his right hand firmly on my breast, "you will get rest enough in the grave!" The idea was a striking one, and kept possession of my mind for some days, at the end of which I sent him this copy of verses. My excellent friend will recollect this circumstance; and he will also perhaps recollect telling me, when we next met, which was not for some weeks, that the verses had travelled all over England with him, and were nearly worn to pieces.

FINIS.





